VOL. CCXXVII No. 2954a

THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 9, 1956
With which are incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" and "GRAPHIC"

The SPHERE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

FOUR SHILLINGS

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Christmas Contents

1956

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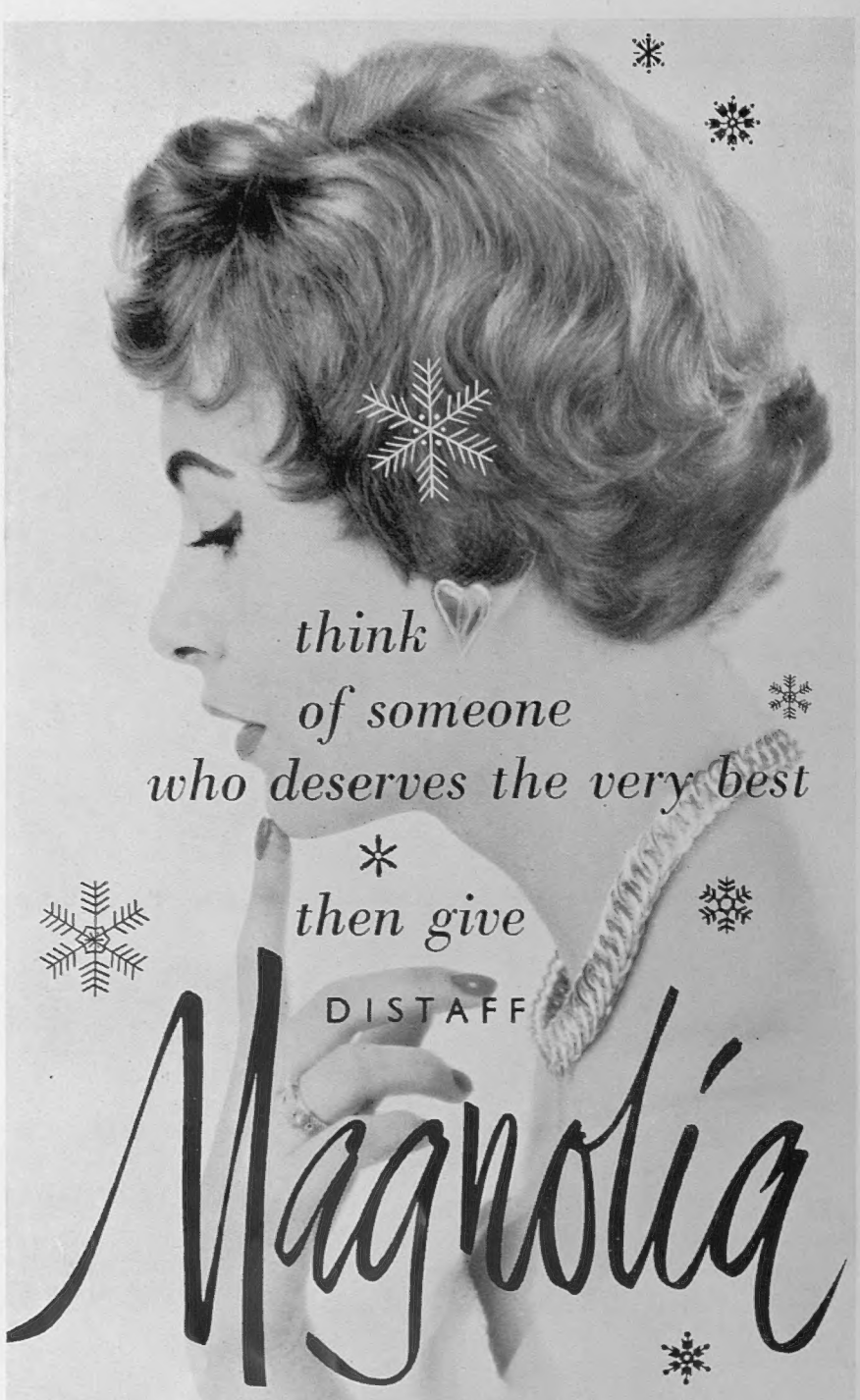

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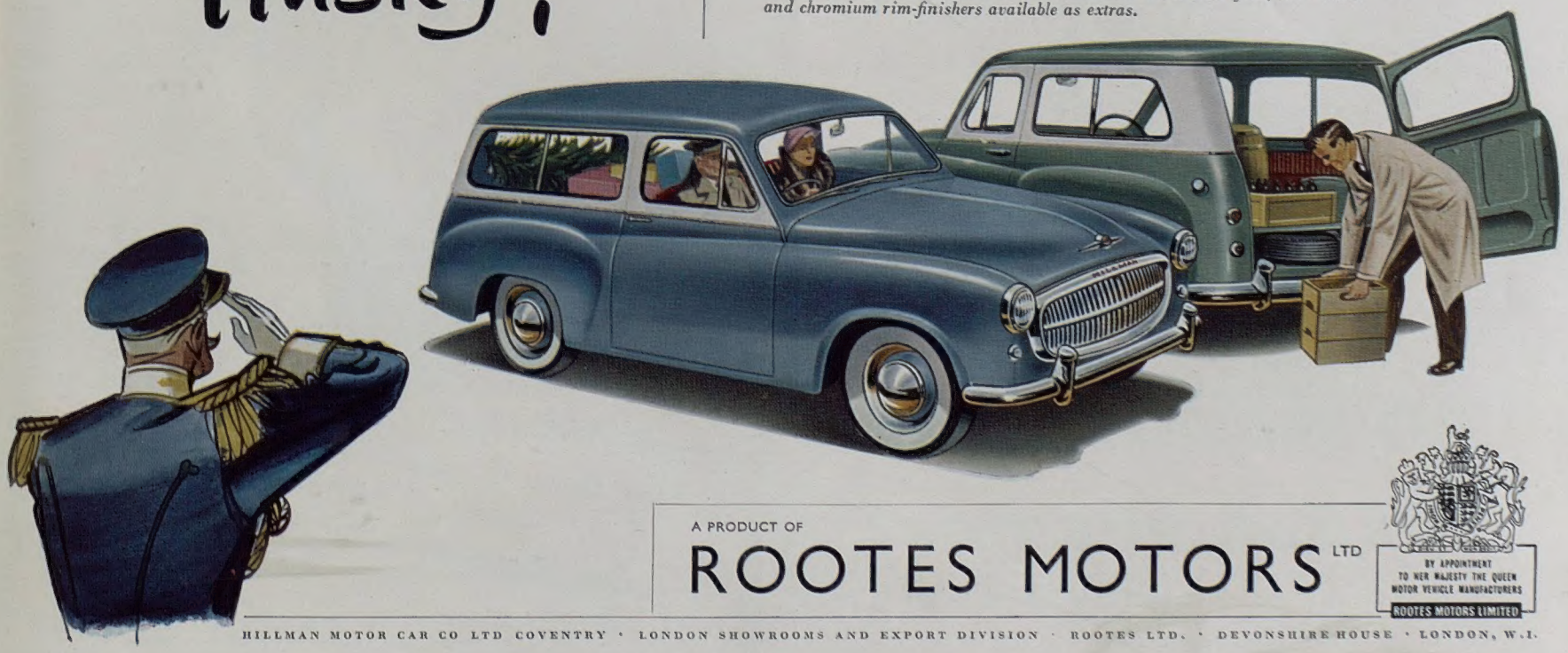

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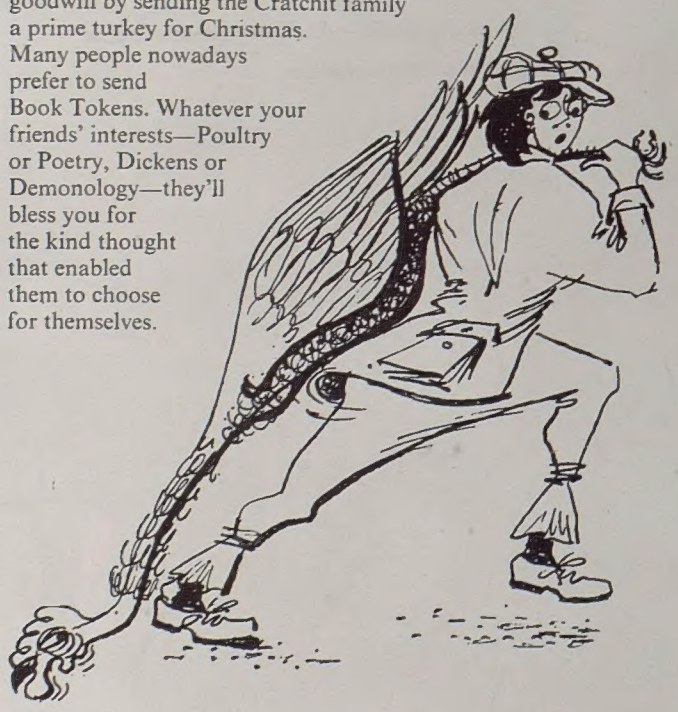

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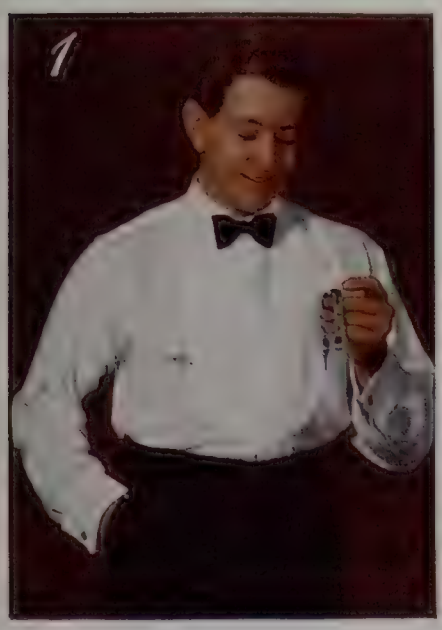

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. . . Come to think of it, why keep them in the family? What about the boy friend, the girl friend, the honorary uncle, or Albert-next-door?

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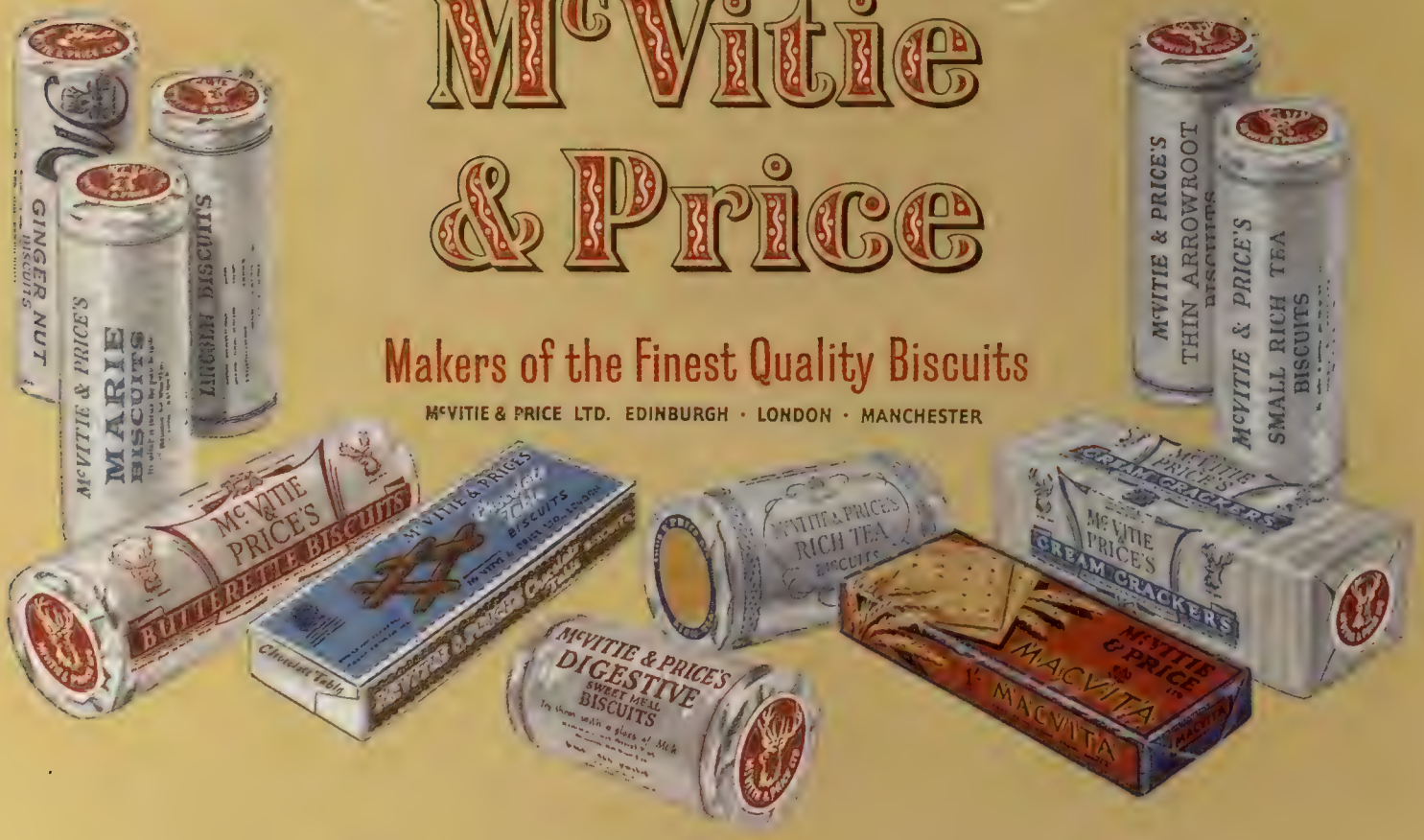

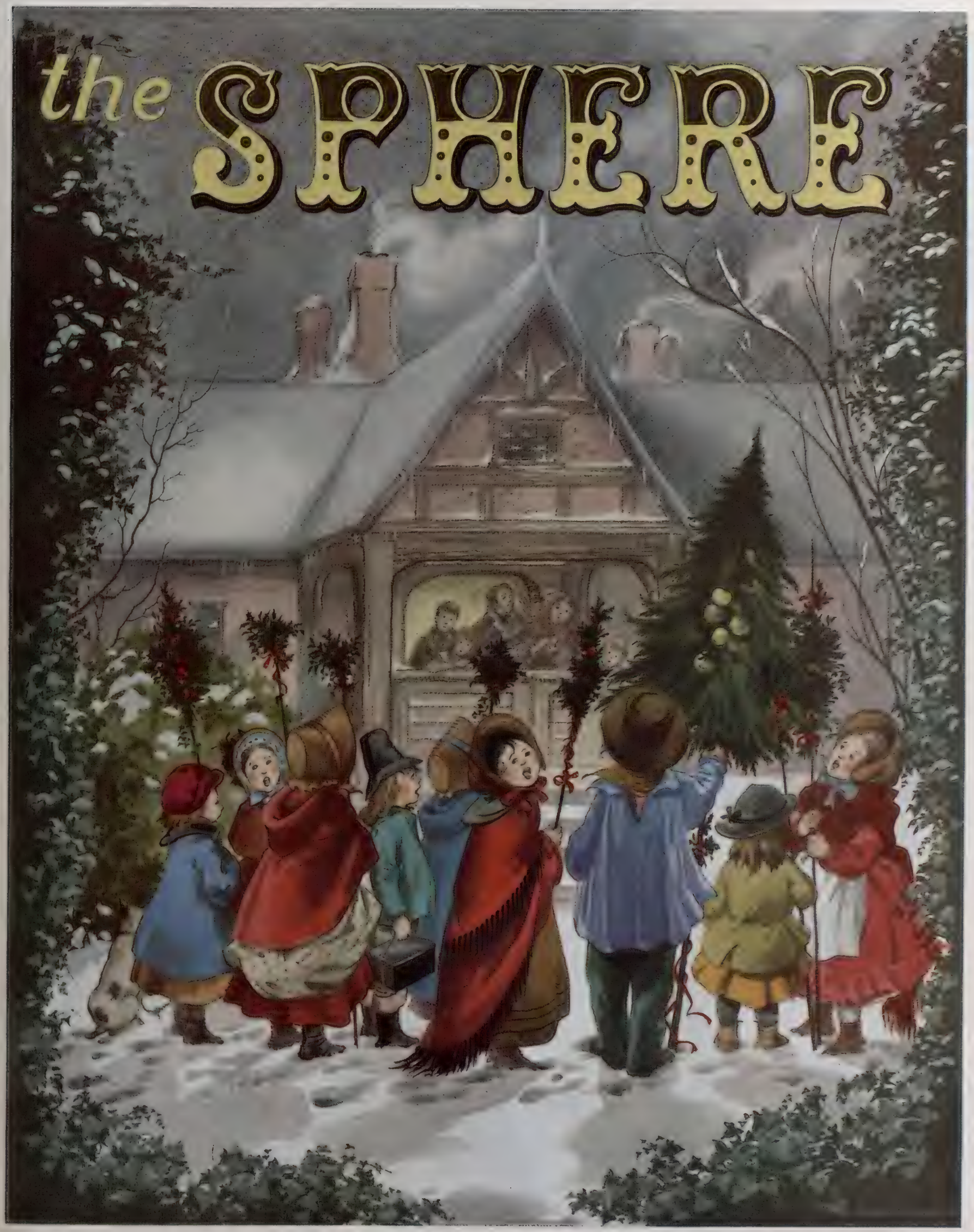

THE Victorian householder of the 1850's, standing with his wife and children in the porch of his house, is looking on a Christmas scene which contains a comparatively recent innovation. With carols he has been familiar all his life and he has always regarded holly as a seasonable emblem. But the carrying by the child of the fir-tree decorated with fruit is something still new. This painting by Miss Pauline Baynes, who is well known for her reconstructions of scenes of earlier days, is a reminder of how the Christmas tree came to Britain. The start of the fashion is generally credited to Queen Adelaide, wife of William IV. She brought the tree from her native Germany, where it had long been an essential Christmas custom. However, it was not until the next reign with the arrival of Queen Victoria's Prince Albert, who also followed German Christmas customs, that the tree became a national institution.

Christmas Carols

A Mid-Nineteenth-Century Scene Painted by Pauline Baynes

A Edwardian

Painted fo
by T. R.

CHRISTMAS in the days of King Edward the Seventh was a round of traditional delights which mirrored the golden prosperity and affluence of the times. All things from the gold standard to father's gold watch-chain were secure. In the first decade of this century Christmas was often spent by the more prosperous in large country houses. For the children, of course, this always gave extra spice to the eager anticipations which had begun with the first snows in late November.

Returning from school in the familiar old train was invariably a riotous affair. Looking out of the window did not help much, for there was only the well-known landscape to see, whereas the mind was already filled with the mystery of Christmas and in the imagination tables piled high with mince-pies and jellies stretched away into the distance. How could Father remain so calm at such a time?

Christmas really began when the family set out to travel to the distant county where their friends lived. It was a long drive from home in Father's car. One was never completely certain of the noisy monster which was Father's pride and joy and one of Mother's most persistent worries. But all the uncertainty was soon forgotten in the joy of arrival and the children's expectations could not help but be whetted by the welcome sight of the stout old village postman in the drive with an equally fat sack of parcels on his back.

The Christmas morning service was always a joy to Father, who delighted in singing the well-

An
n Christmas

for "The Sphere"

. R. Freeman

loved hymns and carols in his fine baritone voice. But once outside the church the day belonged to the children, who soon found themselves lost in their own world of games and frolics. While the grown-ups looked on benevolently, the shouting and laughter from "Oranges and Lemons," "Blind Man's Buff," and all the delightful games that could be played without fathers and mothers or aunts and uncles, became louder as the afternoon drew to a close. By the time they were ready for bed the huge pile of cakes and tarts and jellies on the tables had almost all disappeared. In the evening, with all the children safely away in bed, the grown-ups had their own party. Christmas Day in the reign of the gay King often faded away to the strains of a Viennese waltz.

It was the grown-ups' turn to play their own games on Boxing Day when Father and Mother went out with the local Hunt. Even if it were a little cold at the meet in the big park, there was always the warming stirrup-cup to bring back colour to the face and a sparkle to the eyes. With a nip in the December air and the eager hounds waiting impatiently at the horses' feet, it was invariably an enjoyable occasion. But once darkness had fallen the children came into their own again when all the household went off to a circus in a nearby town. What a feast of fun they always had with the clowns and the elephants and the performing horses!

But all good things come to an end—even in the reign of King Edward. On the morning after Boxing Day only memories of Christmas remained.

New Year Morning in a Chelsea Studio

From the Original Painting by Sir Alfred Munnings, K.C.V.O., P.P.R.A.

Sir Alfred Munnings took a party to the Chelsea Arts Ball on New Year's Eve, 1918. Some of the "gay Bohemians" returned to his studio in Glebe Place and he records the occasion in the second volume of his autobiography, *The Second Burst*. "'Stayers' of the party," he writes, "came back to the studio for more Krug, to make up for that which had been swallowed by the wrong folk.

"One of the stayers, with a violin, was standing on a model's throne, playing 'After the Ball,' the rest sitting round, fatigued and weary. . . What a scene! . . . I had an idea for a picture! I began it the same week, using my friends who had stayed the course at the Ball. It was painted in one of the large Rossetti studios belonging to David Jagger. The picture was called 'New Year's Morning, after the Chelsea Arts Ball.'

"Alfonso Toft, in Dickens' costume, David Jagger in a Regency Hunt coat of the Quorn, Waters in Regency costume playing a violin, and three girls—models—posed for the picture. Each morning as I worked I could hear H. M. Bateman in the studio above doing his step-dance—pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat it went on. 'Oh, damn the fellow!' said I. . . ."

The painting, now in a Scottish collection, was exhibited this year in the exhibition of Sir Alfred Munnings' work which was held in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy of Arts in Piccadilly.

Old St. Paul's towards the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. The great rose window in the East End (left centre) was one of the finest of the time in England. The tower had supported a spire until 1561, when it was burnt down. In the centre foreground is St. Paul's Cross, from which the defeat of the Armada was announced in 1588. On the left is the Bell Tower.

The Crypt of Old St. Paul's was a commercial and social centre. Here the view is of St. Faith's Chapel looking east to the screen and the Jesus Chapel beyond. The scene would have been accepted as natural by an Elizabethan.

Old St. Paul's

Some of Many Strange Uses to which the Cathedral was Put Before being Destroyed by Fire

Written and Illustrated by

Geoffrey S. Fletcher

WHEN Sir Christopher Wren set out the great circle on the site of Old St. Paul's to mark the position of his dome in the new cathedral, it was found that the stone picked up at random by workmen in the rubble to serve its centre was part of a gravestone with the single word "Resurgam" on it. This accident was symbolic, for it marked the end of the ancient cathedral of St. Paul and the beginning of the new.

Old St. Paul's, however, like a character in an Italian opera, had been in no hurry to make its exit. Although Wren in his survey made before the Fire had pointed out that the building was in some places out of perpendicular, and indeed unsafe, those parts still standing after the Fire proved a difficult proposition to demolish. In fact, Wren decided to blow them up with huge charges of gun-powder. He was obliged to leave off when, during his absence, an assistant exploded a charge which blew a huge block of stone through a house, and the site was eventually cleared by less drastic means. Thus, the last remains of the cathedral which had stood since the year 1087, the year the Conqueror died, disappeared.

Old St. Paul's was not the first church dedicated to the apostle to stand on the site. A fire in 1087 not only destroyed most of Saxon London, but ruined the previous church built by King Ethelbert of Kent. In it Mellitus, who had accompanied St. Augustine to England, was reputed to have preached. Wren found some remains of this early church of St. Paul—stone coffins, tombs and ivory and boxwood pins which had fastened the shrouds of those buried there. However, the legend that a Roman temple earlier occupied the site is without foundation : Wren himself disproved it by his excavations.

One of the last acts of the Conqueror was to give a quantity of stone towards the building, or rather rebuilding, of St. Paul's. But in spite of this and constant

(*Continued on following page*)

The market stalls and booths were a normal part of the Precincts at the corner formed by the junction of the nave and transept in Carter Lane. Sports such as archery were also practised here.

Christmas jollifications outside the West End of Old St. Paul's in the latter half of the sixteenth century. The bonfire blazes merrily and two boys of St. Paul's School (then in the Cathedral Precincts) have made a giant snowball. Some of their fellow-scholars are on the steps by the West Door.

OLD ST. PAUL'S

(*Continued from previous page*)

appeals for money, progress in building the Norman cathedral was very slow. All we really know of its progress at this time is that the choir (rebuilt in the Gothic period) was the only part finished in the twelfth century (in the year 1148). The nave and transepts were certainly built and in progress, but they were not completed until the following century, when the architectural style had changed to Gothic. In this form the rest of the cathedral was to be built.

The thirteenth century was the period of the greatest activity in building Old St. Paul's. The nave and transepts were finished, the great tower built at the crossing, and the choir, although comparatively speaking only recently completed, enlarged and rebuilt. The Norman choir was apsidal, after the French manner. The rebuilding was a great project which began in 1256, and its outstanding feature was the great rose window, 40 ft. in diameter, inspired by the rose windows of Notre Dame and Chartres.

To complete this brief summary of the medieval cathedral in the succeeding century, the fourteenth, the cloisters and chapter house were built. From then no large-scale work was undertaken, apart from repairs after a fire in 1561 until, in the seventeenth century, Inigo Jones encased much of it with his incongruous Renaissance shell and added the Western portico over the Norman West End (which is the subject of the large drawing). This glance at the architectural history of Old St. Paul's forms the setting for events of great human and national importance which were enacted within its walls and within its shadow.

(*Concluded on page 46*)

On left—"*Dining with Duke Humphrey.*" *Three vagabonds have gathered at the tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, which in Elizabethan times was mistakenly known as Duke Humphrey's tomb. The fact that the penniless and dinnerless met here gave rise to the phrase, "To dine with Duke Humphrey," meaning to be without food, which was current until the last century.*

Below—*The Nave with its Norman arches and vaulted roof was desecrated by the public, who used it for all kinds of purposes. James Pilkington, who was a Bishop in the sixteenth century, referred to "the south aisle for usury, and the north for simony and the horse fair in the midst for all kinds of bargains, meetings and brawlings, murders and conspiracies."*

A Signal of Distress, or the Xmas Visitor—"We shall never get thro' this unless they come and dig us out."
Painted by C. B. Newhouse, engraved by R. G. Reeve and published in London in 1835.

CHRISTMAS VISITS BY STAGE COACH

Reproduced by permission of the Parker Gallery, 1, Albemarle Street, London

Taking an Inside Berth—"It strikes me we're going to have some rough weather."
Another aquatint of a painting by Newhouse which was published in London ten years after the picture at the top of this page.

The Birmingham Mail is snowbound near Aylesbury during the great blizzard of Christmas 1836. In this engraving of an Alken drawing, the guard, Banbury, is taking two of the horses to ride on through the deep snow with the mail.

KINGS OF THE ROAD

The Mails were the Most Romantic Form of Coaching Transport

By ELIZABETH COXHEAD

The Engravings with this Article are Reproduced by Permission of the Parker Gallery

NEXT to the robin, the stage-coach, preferably spanking through or bogged down in snow, is still the favourite secular adornment of the Christmas card. We picture our ancestors coaching off *en masse* to join Yuletide house-parties, though, in fact, most of the Christmas jollities we know date back no further than the early years of Queen Victoria's marriage, by which time most of the coaches had been driven by railways from the road. Before railways, the majority of the populace never travelled anywhere, simply because it was so costly. A well-to-do girl like Jane Austen's *Emma*, living in Surrey, had never seen the sea. In the coaching heyday, from 1820 to 1840, the fares by mail-coach from London to Edinburgh, with tips to coachman and guard, averaged £14 for an inside passenger and £10 for an outside. The railway was to bring the fare down to £2 before the century's end.

The very rich travelled post, with their own carriages or hired ones, and horses changed along the road. Next in speed and expense came the mail-coach, because it only took seven passengers, four inside and three out. Then the ordinary day-coach, still, usually, with only four or five inside places but a dozen on the roof; and lastly, for the poor, the stage-waggon, in which one was lucky to lumber through the countryside at four miles an hour.

Of them all, the mail-coaches were the most romantic, and not only in our eyes but in those of contemporaries, who never tired of crowding the inn yards to watch them start or perching on the village wall to see them flash by. They were privately operated, but under licence from the Postmaster-General, who insisted on a uniformity of design more truly elegant than that of the gaudy day-coaches, and they bore the Royal cipher. No proprietor's name was allowed to appear. The payment made to the proprietor of a penny a mile for carrying the mails was grossly inadequate, so that the postal service was, in fact, subsidised by the seven passengers, though mail-coaches travelled toll free. The guard was a servant of the Post Office, and also underpaid, and had to rely largely on passengers' tips. The mails were his pride and first concern, however. He was legally bound to see them through, whatever else happened on the journey. If the coach met with any mishap he would go forward with the mailbags, leaving the passengers to their fate. If need be, he was authorised by Parliament to commandeer private carriages.

The mails were night coaches, leaving London and most of the other big cities at eight every evening. The scene as they turned out of the G.P.O. yard at St. Martin's le Grand and spread into the countryside "like a sky rocket" was one witnesses were never weary of describing. Each coach carried five lamps, and as far out as Barnet or Hounslow the road would be a blaze of light; pedestrians shrank dazzled into the hedgerows, just as they do from motorists' lights to-day. The speed of the mail-coaches was the pride of the country and the envy of the rest of the world, attaining ten miles an hour and more towards the end of the '30's, when Mr. Telford had improved the roads. You were expected to eat your dinner in twenty-five minutes, and waiting had to be slick at the inns which received the custom of mail passengers.

By our standards, the discomfort of travel must have been extreme. Costume films, with their trick of representing a coach interior the size of a Pinewood set, blind us to their real dimensions; there was just room for the four passengers and their bandboxes, and the atmosphere was either stuffy or cold or both. The rest of the luggage was supposed to go in the huge boot, but this was so often crammed with mailbags that passengers' effects had to be suspended from the lamp-irons or the back axle. And so one sat for two nights and a day between London and Edinburgh, with only three breaks for refreshment on the way.

Travelling outside was infinitely preferable in fine weather, but one was quite without protection against the elements. A passenger after an 80-mile journey on a wet day would descend with his boots as full of water as though he had waded through a stream. The many capes of the greatcoat were no mere whim of fashion, but served, like the fly-sheets of a modern tent, to run off the rain. Presumably it then dripped on to your neighbour instead of yourself.

Yet most people enjoyed coach travel; from the spate of subsequent wistful reminiscence there seems no doubt of that. Riding outside on a coach was more than just a means of getting somewhere, it was also, in a sense, a sport. One was so much a part of the countryside, and one saw the towns intimately, from first-floor level. (By contrast the rail journey, which whisked one through the country and skirted most towns, was to seem depersonalised and dull.) One grew friendly with coachman and guard, and the coachmen on the famous mails were artists and revered characters.

Some were gentlemen-proprietors, driving on a semi-amateur basis; one had previously been a Piccadilly publisher. On a long run they were changed every five hours, though the guard went through to the end. And if they knew him, or were tipped with sufficient liberality, they would sometimes allow a high-spirited young gentleman to take the reins for a stretch.

"I have ridden many hundreds of miles outside coaches," wrote one enthusiast, "but I don't think I ever rode twelve miles in one." The only discomfort he objected to was getting a woman as fellow-passenger when it rained, because she would be sure to put up an

(*Continued on page 22*)

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The Louth Mail is stopped by the snow. It has gone off the road after the Christmas blizzard of 1836. Labourers are coming up with spades and brooms, but the mail must not be delayed and the guard has commandeered the post-chaise to carry on the bags.

KINGS OF THE ROAD

Through the blizzard on Salisbury Plain. Six fresh post-horses have been brought up for the Devonport Mail to continue on its way through the tempest near Amesbury. In the background the replaced team of jaded and exhausted animals is pulled from the snowdrifts.

No time for chivalry. The Liverpool Mail, being forced through the snowdrifts near St. Albans, does not stop for the two ladies marooned in their chariot and awaiting their postboy, who has ridden in search of fresh horses. The lithographs on these pages are after J. Pollard.

The mail must go on. The guard of the Birmingham Mail rides away from the coach, which has become a victim of the 1836 blizzard. All over England at the time, mail-coach guards made heroic rides to carry on the bags for prompt delivery of the post. At least one guard died of exposure.

KINGS OF THE ROAD

(*Continued from page 19*)

umbrella, and either knock your beaver off or tip the water down your neck. Decidedly, on coaches, the woman's place was below.

Engravings which show the mail drawn by a team of four thoroughbreds are guilty of romantic embellishment. Strong they had to be, but it was not economic to pay a big price for them. The number required was so vast for one thing—a single coach proprietor, Chaplin, had a stable of over 1,300—and their life in the cruelly hard work of a public vehicle was only five or six years. Most had been gentlemen's carriage horses, sold off because of some defect, broken knees or a tendency to kick or jib; many were blind. It says much for the coachman's skill that he achieved such results of speed and safety with this scratch material, for accidents were rare, seldom fatal, and hardly ever due, as is popularly supposed, to coaches racing neck-and-neck. When competition was fierce the rivals certainly endeavoured to pass each other, but usually by speeding up the change of horses at the post stages. The guard blew his horn minutes before the coach arrived, so that the horse-keeper, listening anxiously for the approach, could rush out of the inn with the fresh team. The change would sometimes be made in as little time as one-and-a-half minutes.

The chief cause of accidents was weather, fog being considered much more dangerous than snow. When he couldn't see his leaders, records an old coachman, he began to feel frightened. Though he was not nearly as frightened as when he tried to drive a locomotive, and found it would only go where the rails, and not he, intended.

But the hazards of snow were more than a figment of the Christmas-card mythology. The last decade of great coaching was an exceptionally snowy one, and the blizzard, which began on Christmas night of 1836, was the worst for a century. For two days all communication between London and the North was cut, the great Duke of Wellington's private carriage was stuck in a drift, and fourteen mail-coaches were abandoned on the various roads, several only a short distance from the capital.

Guards mounted horses and made their way across the fields with the mailbags, or commandeered post-chaises, and at least one of them died from exposure. The story of their struggle seized public imagination, and artists were quick to follow it up with prints which have probably done more than anything else to launch the mail-coach on its Christmas career. The exquisite set by Pollard, reproduced on the previous two pages, depict actual incidents, though doubtless with a little touching-up—the Devonport Mail continuing with a fresh team, the Liverpool Mail unable to rescue two marooned ladies from their post-chaise, the Louth Mail stopped by the snow, and the guard commandeering a post-chaise to proceed with the letter-bags.

Indeed, the public loved and was proud of the mails in which it would so seldom have the chance to travel, and particularly the mails of the Holyhead Road. This, and not the more fashionable Brighton Road, set up the long-distance speed records and had the crack turn-outs. The two neatest coaches out of London were generally considered to be the Birmingham Mail, and the Shrewsbury "Wonder," most famous of the day-coaches, and long without a rival among them for popularity and speed. Its four drivers were nationally renowned characters, and when after a few years it was challenged by the "Nimrod," both would often contrive to arrive at Islington two hours before their scheduled time. The Holyhead Road was serious in the passengers it carried, too; not the idle bucks and blades who went to Brighton, but pioneers of the new industrialism on their way to Birmingham and Liverpool, or Irish Members of Parliament shuttling between two capitals.

The opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in September of 1830 was the writing on the wall of the coaching stables. Nevertheless, for years the coach proprietors could not read it. First it was regarded as a freak, then as a collaborator, the mails still going by road as far as Crewe and being transferred. Its shortcomings were hopefully dwelt upon: "Every little failure of the railway roused our spirits," one proprietor recalled. But inexorably the iron tentacles reached out, and one after another the noble and beloved mails were gradually superseded.

The last Birmingham Mail ran in '39, and the last crack coach anywhere, the Bedford "Times," only held on till the opening of the Great Northern Railway in '48. To many coach-owning families it meant ruin; they were left with their businesses annihilated and all their stock-in-trade useless. The coaching inns similarly lost a custom they were not to regain till the arrival of motor-coaching nearly a century later.

But most pitiful of all was the plight of the coachmen. Guards could be absorbed in much the same capacity on the railways, but a coachman could not drive a steam-engine. From kings of the road, they became overnight derelict. Some took to driving the London horse-buses, "a sorry life indeed," one of them complained, "to one who had been accustomed to the cheery work on a coach." Others just died of poverty and heartbreak.

And some, the lucky ones, died in humbler forms of harness, for of course the coaches did not vanish all at once. In remote parts of the country it took time to replace them by those branch lines which have now been rendered unremunerative through the superior efficiency of the bus services. Do we hear ghostly laughter from the box?

And as tourist attractions, "summer coaches," they survived into living memory; on the Brighton Road, for instance, in the Trossachs and the Lake District. They survived, in point of fact, into mine.

As a child of six, early in the First World War, I can remember sitting with my grandmother outside our hotel in Ambleside, and watching the coach load up with passengers for Buttermere. I had no notion that this was a historic spectacle, but I knew it was a beguiling one, with its bustle and jingle, the impatient pawing of the horses, the coachman's slow-spoken authority, the general air of expectancy and adventure. Passionately I longed to share in it, but for some reason or other it was not practicable for us to go.

"Never mind, dear," my grandmother said, "You will have other chances."

She was wrong; there were no other chances. The coach clattered away over Honister, and into the mists of history. Henceforward it was to be nothing but a symbol on a Christmas card.

Polar conditions in Wiltshire. In this engraving of an Alken painting the Devonport Mail near Amesbury is passing an enormous snowdrift. The blizzard conditions of Christmas 1836 caused fourteen mail-coaches to be abandoned on the roads.

The Nativity

From the Painting by Nicolas Poussin

In July of this year, at Sothebys, Poussin's beautiful painting of the Nativity was sold to a New York picture dealer, Mr. D. Koetser, for £29,000. Originally in the collection of M. Selle, of Paris, it was bought, in 1761, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. From his collection it went to Sir Reginald Proctor Beauchamp in whose family it remained until Mr. Jocelyn Beauchamp, of Langley Park, Norwich, put it up for auction. "The Nativity" was probably painted in the early 1630's when Nicolas Poussin was in Rome. Poussin, born in 1594 at Les Andelys, in Normandy, was twice frustrated from reaching Rome by lack of means to pay for the journey. After working in Paris on a series of paintings for the Jesuits, he was patronised by the Italian poet, Cavaliere Marini, who took him into his house. Marini returned to Rome and, in 1624, Poussin joined him. There, he studied the classic remains and perfected his art. He still had a struggle to live and became seriously ill. He was nursed by the family of a compatriot, Jacques Dughet, whose daughter he married in 1630. He began then to establish his reputation, and in 1640 he returned to France at the royal wish of Louis XIII.

" Pemberley House was a large, handsome stone building standing on rising ground and backed by a ridge of woody hills. Elizabeth was delighted. She had never seen a place for which nature had done more. She felt that to be mistress of Pemberley might be something."

On left—

A friend arrives in his carriage for the Christmas party at Pemberley which, Jane Austen indicates, Darcy and Elizabeth decided to give soon after their marriage.

On right—

" Your idea of the ponies is delightful. We will go round the Park every day." Thus in " Pride and Prejudice " Elizabeth wrote to her aunt, Mrs. Gardiner, inviting her to Pemberley for Christmas.

Christmas at Pemberley

A Seasonable Theme from Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice"

Illustrated by William McLaren

"I would have thanked you before, my dear aunt. . . . Your idea of the ponies is delightful. We will go round the Park every day. I am the happiest creature in the world. Perhaps other people have said so before, but not one with such justice. Mr. Darcy sends you all the love in the world that he can spare from me. You are all to come to Pemberley at Christmas . . ."

Thus Elizabeth Bennet writes to her aunt, Mrs. Gardiner, at the happy climax to *Pride and Prejudice*. All troubles with her relatives are past. After sixty chapters of emotional entanglements, it has been finally established that the wealthy Mr. Darcy loves her, and she loves him. They are to be married and then the kindly Gardiners are virtually ordered to come to Pemberley for Christmas. In the whole of English literature can one imagine a pleasanter situation in which to find oneself for the festive season than the house and estate created by Jane Austen?

We know Pemberley well from the description of the occasion when Elizabeth first visited it. It was at a time when she was on bad terms with Darcy. "She felt she had no business there and was obliged to assume a disinclination for seeing it." She was touring Derbyshire with the Gardiners and, when the visit was mooted between the travellers, she was appalled by "the possibility of meeting Mr. Darcy while viewing the place," although she knew perfectly well that the owner was not in residence. Eventually she felt she "could readily answer, and with a proper air of indifference, that she had not really any dislike to the scheme. To Pemberley, therefore, they were to go."

The Park, we are told, was very large and contained a great variety of ground. The visitors drove for some time through a beautiful wood stretching over a wide extent.

"They gradually ascended for half a mile and then found themselves at the top of a considerable eminence, where the wood ceased and the eye was instantly caught by Pemberley House, situated on the opposite side of a valley into which the road with some abruptness wound. It was a large, handsome stone building, standing well on rising ground and backed by a ridge of woody hills; and in front a stream of some natural importance was swelled into greater, but without any artificial importance. . . . Elizabeth was delighted. She had never seen a place for which nature had done more, or where natural beauty had been so little counteracted for an awkward taste. . . . At that moment she felt that to be mistress of Pemberley might be something!"

On applying to see the place, the housekeeper—"a respectable-looking elderly woman"—showed them round. And from rooms "lofty and handsome, and their furniture suitable to the fortune of their proprietor," they looked on the splendid view.

Thus we all must come to Pemberley. And though the first visit is short and apprehensive, we somehow are sure that we shall return under happier circumstances. When Elizabeth and Darcy have at long last overcome their misunderstandings, when their mutual love has been declared and Mr. Bennet has given his consent to Mr. Darcy ("He is the kind of man, indeed, to whom I should never dare refuse anything which he condescended to ask")—then we are invited for Christmas.

Jane Austen does not describe the party. But it is not hard to imagine it. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, one can assume that Mr. Bingley and Jane were there. It is true they did not move into Derbyshire until after "a twelve-month," but one guesses they made visits before this. Possibly Mrs. Bennet, the cause of their removal, from Meryton, was tolerated by her daughter at Pemberley for Christmas. This is the more likely as Mr. Bennet "missed his second daughter exceedingly." And Lydia, too, may have been present, although, of course, Darcy could never receive Wickham, her husband. (The most he could do, for Elizabeth's sake, was to assist him farther in his profession.)

One hopes that the weather was fine, so that Elizabeth and her aunt could take their daily pony drives round the Park. And we can be certain that everybody enjoyed themselves in a manner fitting to the style of their host who, reportedly, had an income of ten thousand a year.

Above—" ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, COVENT GARDEN ": J. Griffier's painting shows Inigo Jones' church and the old market as it was at the beginning of the eighteenth century. On the left are the first stalls of the market which were set up against the garden wall of Bedford House. In 1668 the square was gravelled, the wooden railings erected and a column and sundial set up. Strype wrote that " within the rails is a stone Pillar or Column raised on a pedestal ascended by steps, on which is placed a curious Sun-Dial, four square, having above it a mound gilt with gold, all neatly wrought in Freestone." This painting and the view of the extensive grounds of Wanstead House are reproduced by permission of Mr. M. Bernard, 21, Ryder Street, St. James's.

Bygone London

Covent Garden and Wanstead Park in the 18th Century

Below—" WANSTEAD HOUSE," FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE LAMBERT: The view is towards the rear of the house, which faced east. The mansion was demolished in 1824, but the grounds remain as Wanstead Park, the golf course and a housing estate. The central feature in the picture shows the tree-lined lake leading across the River Roding to the great avenue up to the house in the centre background. Wanstead House, the third " big house " there, was built in 1715 by the 1st Earl Tylney. The vast building was known variously as " Wanstead Palace " and as " Tylney's Folly." It was 260 ft. long and 70 ft. deep. Designed by Colin Campbell, it cost £360,000, and the gardens are said to have taken a similar sum.

Reproduced by permission of Mrs. Field

A Doll Shop

PAINTED BY A. E. MULREADY IN 1873

The appealing figure of the little girl in A. E. Mulready's water-colour is typical of the mid-Victorian sentiment. It is known that the artist died in 1886 and that over the previous fourteen years he had exhibited twelve times at the Royal Academy. Otherwise, he has been forgotten. But he was a first-rate draughtsman, and his pictures of the poor children of his time show a genuine feeling for their hardships, and a keen observation of the scene. Victorian *genre* pictures, so long the object of ridicule, are coming back into favour. The skills of technique and drawing of the artists are appreciated, the subject-matter is looked upon with affection. The above picture was included in the charming exhibition "The Victorian Scene," held at the Leicester Galleries, in Leicester Square, earlier this year.

Thermopylæ *leaves Foochow for England with a load of the famous black tea of Fukien*

Home for Christmas

The Voyage of a Tea Clipper

ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

WITH her graceful green-painted hull and tall spars she was easily picked out among the junks, sampans and other craft that crowded the oily waters of Pagoda Anchorage that late September day about 1870. Chinese merchants, stevedores, seamen, everyone around the port of Foochow knew *Thermopylæ* (991 tons gross), one of the newest, finest and fastest of all the famous clippers engaged in the China tea trade.

Thermopylæ was loading now, and the gangs of sweating stevedores were heaving up the tea chests on their platforms from the sampans and chopboats drawn alongside and skilfully stowing them tier by tier in the hold, 8,000 chests or more of the renowned black teas of Fukien, Foochow's province. By nightfall it was done.

With the sun just clearing the horizon the ship weighed anchor and moved slowly down the hazardous Min River, into the China Sea to begin the 14,000-mile passage home. Would she get her precious cargo into the London docks by Christmas ?

Here in the open waters the south-west monsoon was blowing hard, and the skipper—he knew these seas like the back of his hand—took the clipper straight out, giving Formosa a wide berth. He turned south, then west, and then, off the coast of Annam, due south again to head for Borneo's west coast, edge through the Caspar Strait and pass, in about twenty-five days' sailing, Anjer and Java Head. Before *Thermopylæ* now lay the Indian Ocean and a clear run to Africa's southernmost point, Cape Agulhas.

The steamy monsoon weather was past and soon, after a spell in the equatorial calms, she was in the fresh south-east trades, running steadily south-westwards under bright skies flecked with white wind-driven clouds.

And so to Cape Agulhas, which *Thermopylæ*, fifty-five days out from Foochow, made in mid-November. And as she rounded the cape she ran into the fringe of the westerlies that blew up from the roaring forties. But she had been built to handle the squalls.

Cape Agulhas and Africa behind her, the clipper headed into the Atlantic. Now it was northwards all the way, running first before the south-east trades once more and then into the doldrums, under the vertical sun of the approaching southern summer. Briefly becalmed in the motionless seas, she soon ran into the north-east trades and beat steadily up to the Azores.

Running south-westwards under bright skies flecked with white wind-driven clouds

And each day now *Thermopylæ* was moving nearer winter: blustering westerlies and a dropping glass were signs that the warm waters and sunshine of the tropics were a thing of the past. Somewhere away to starboard was Europe. The last lap. The captain reckoned four days from the Scillies to the Port of London, and it was December 20 as they passed them. That night the wind veered to the north and the thermometer fell. Next day there was a blizzard, and the Eddystone, Prawle Point and Portland Bill were blotted out by snow.

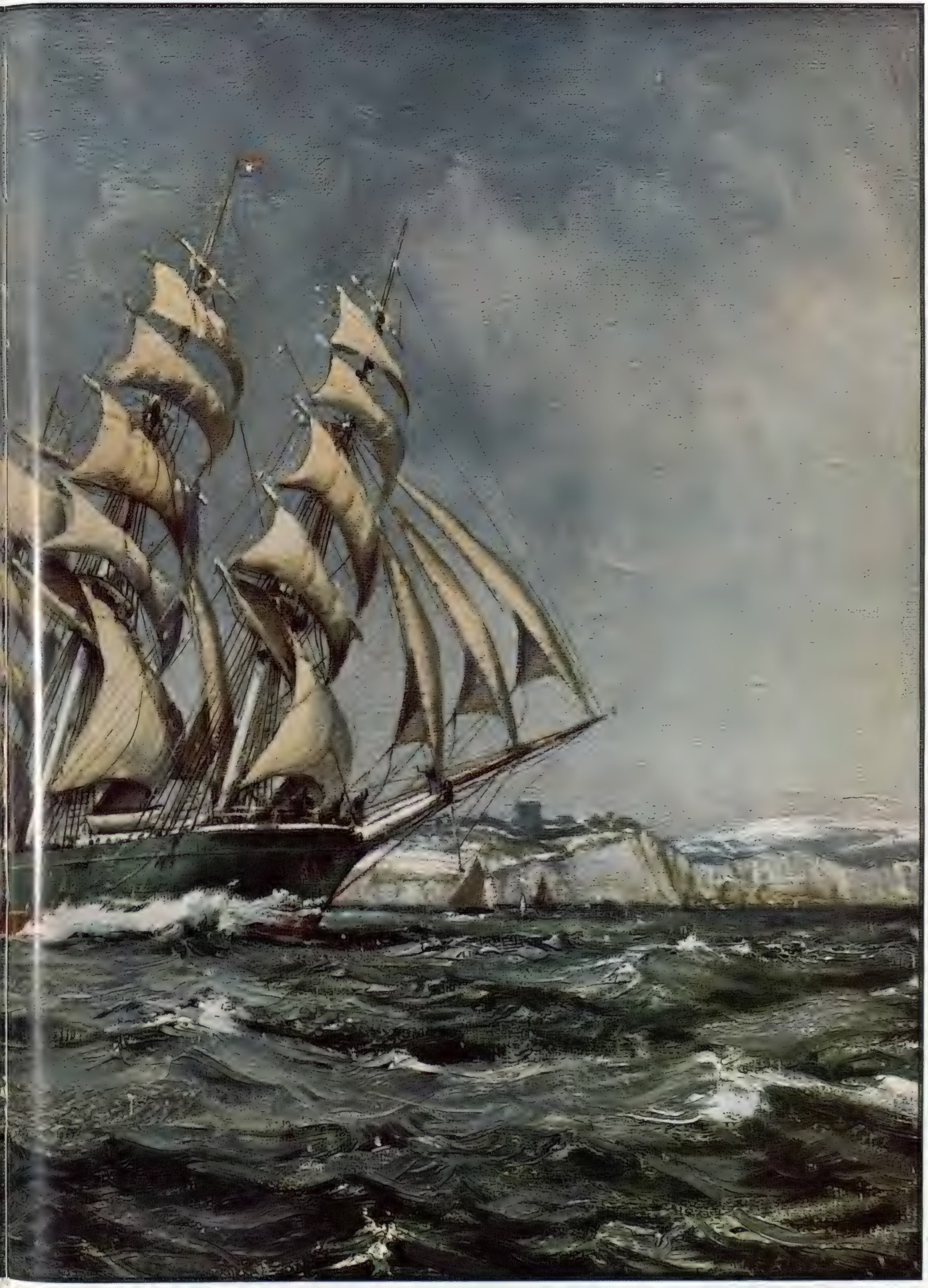
In the morning the weather lifted, and she passed Dover with its chalk cliffs and the castle standing out snow-capped. And so round North Foreland into the Thames—and London under Christmas snow. It was a far cry, and ninety-seven days, from the humid heat of Foochow waterfront. From tropic summer to northern winter, *Thermopylæ* had brought her cargo in on time.

JOHN WILLIAMS

In tropical moonlight in the China Seas, Thermopylæ *begins her 14,000-mile run home*

"Cape Agulhas and Africa behind her, the clipper headed into the Atlantic. Now it was northwards all the way . . ."

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS—*The* Thermopylæ *races up channel, passing the* m



snow-capped chalk cliffs of Dover on her way to North Foreland, the Thames and London

THE CARDINAL

HIS MAJESTY

Louis Chatorze and His Court

Painted and Described by

Berkeley Sutcliffe

THE DRIVE TO THE WINTER PALACE

"MEN as animals" is a theme which always delights satirists. Mr. Berkeley Sutcliffe, the theatrical designer, amused London last year by interpreting a famous period of history in terms of what he called an "evocation." Some of his paintings are reproduced on these pages. This is how he describes them, in the terms of his phantasy:

"*Apres moi le chatastrophe*," whispered the King as he lay dying. Thus ended the glorious reign of Louis Chatorze, *Le Grand Monarque*. His court was doomed, and, during the fateful years which followed, little escaped the fury of the Revolution, except a few paintings. These are all that remain to remind us of the leisured, luxurious days of the sovereign who proclaimed "*les chats c'est moi*."

The portrait of "His Majesty" arrayed in scarlet velvet, a colour to which he was much addicted, calls to mind the court paintings of Louis Tocqué. On the other hand, the young and arrogant "Louis Chatorze" in his armour and with his hand resting on his sceptre and crown must surely have influenced Van Loo when he came to paint Louis XV of France.

The Queen seated in her boudoir with a box of rare and sparkling precious stones near her, rapidly became unpopular owing to her extravagance. She evokes a colour plate by Gauthier-Dagoty of Marie Antoinette and, alas, she suffered a fate similar to that of the unfortunate French queen. The daughter, whom the courtiers nicknamed "The Diamond Princess" (owing to her passion for the jewels), looks at us from a frame set with brilliants and is another reminder of the work of Tocqué. However, "*Monsieur le Maréchal*" astride his fiery charger is clearly from the school of Géricault's "*Officier de Chasseurs Chargeant*."

One of the finest of the surviving portraits is that of "The Cardinal." Exhausted by a life spent in endeavouring to steer the King and the ship of state into calmer waters, he gazes out of his frame seeing little hope for the future. His Majesty has just installed another favourite; the Queen thinks of nothing but her appearance —the diamond necklace which she flaunted at him yesterday is soon to bring about both her ruin and his. The Princess is nothing more than a little cat, out night after night in wanton enjoyment. His Eminence strokes his silver beard and, as the candles burn low, sinks gratefully into his eighteenth-century slumbers.

The large canvas of "The Drive to the Winter Palace" is an evocation of despotic majesty at its grandest. Does it represent a Czar being carried over some icy steppe? Or the mad Ludwig II of Bavaria heading for some solitary and lunatic prank at Herrenchiemsee? Or Frederick the Great making for his Christmas court at Sans Souci, there to lead in his latest composition for the flute and announce to the assembled company, "Gentlemen, old Bach is here"?

LOUIS CHATORZE

THE QUEEN

Louis Chatorze and His Court

MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL

THE DIAMOND PRINCESS

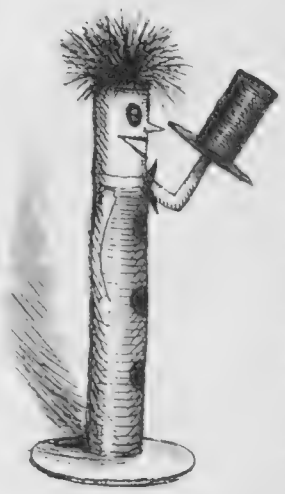
End of the Run, Galtür

From the painting by
Deirdre Henty-Creer

This evocative picture was painted by Miss Deirdre Henty-Creer, when she visited the small village of Galtür, in the Austrian Tyrol, last April. The artist's plans to ski and to paint were thwarted by avalanches and storms, but she managed to do three pictures before she left. The scene reproduced above will be familiar to many skiers, whether or not they have visited Galtür. It shows a sleigh with a returning ski-party in front of the typically Tyrolean building, which houses the local bootmaker. Galtür, at 4,520 ft., is the highest village in the Paznaun Valley. It is reached after a somewhat hazardous journey in a post-bus from the railway station at Landeck. As well as providing excellent ski-ing, Galtür is a good starting-point for walks and climbs in the Silvretta range. Another attraction is the herd of Lapland reindeer which were introduced to the district a year ago and which seem to have happily adapted themselves to their new alpine surroundings. *End of the Run, Galtür* was exhibited at this year's exhibition of the United Society of Artists at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street.

When Five Shillings

By W.



THE old jingle said "Christmas comes but once a year, But when it comes, it brings good cheer." Well, it still comes but once a year, but it arrives so much earlier than it used to do that all the thrill of the season evaporates long before the great day dawns. Christmas is primarily the children's time but, when they begin to see it in the shops as soon as they are back from their summer holidays, very often Christmas Day is an anti-climax.

But in the leisurely days of the '80's and '90's of the last century and in the earlier days of this present one, Christmas did not start until well into December—and reached its climax on the day itself. So all the trappings and trimmings, the Father Christmasses and the little frosted trees, were really seasonable and not mixed up with the yellowing leaves of autumn. Christmas was a time of excitement and exhilaration, culminating in almost breathless suspense on Christmas Eve. There were no exhortations to shop early, no urging slogans blaring "Only so many more shopping days to Christmas." You did your shopping at the right time, with the glow of Christmas upon it—you did not eat ice-creams while choosing your Christmas cards—and you got so much more for your money.

A small boy of those days—who has lived on to write these words—well remembers his youthful Christmasses, and what they meant to him. He now assists at the Christmasses of his grandchildren and tries—he believes with some success—to make them happy ones. But he notices the difference. That boy and girl get excited, but not quite to the same point of frenzy as he did. For they live in an age of what—to him—are still marvels. They accept the aeroplane, the films, radio and television as everyday affairs. They have their own gramophones and radio sets. They are not very excited about a pantomime, and the motor-car is a pretty venerable contraption. What they want is jet-propulsion. Through satiety they have lost the anticipation of pleasure. They think differently, and yet, basically, they are the same. But some things they will never know. And one of those was an annual visit to the West End to see the Christmas shops. They go there so often, for transport is so much easier. That other boy of the '80's went to town as a treat about a week before Christmas. He had saved up his pocket-money—and probably he got extra bits and pieces from uncles and aunts as well—to have a real orgy of spending on toys, quite apart from the presents he knew he would get. He was taken to town by his mother and two aunts. These wise folk did not go straight to the West End but, strangely enough, started this Christmas pilgrimage in the City.

There was a very good reason for that. And when you got to Ludgate Hill you discovered it. On both sides of the road there stood an unbroken rank of men, shoulder to shoulder in the gutter and all of them were selling toys. They could not do it now: they would be dashed to pieces by the traffic. But although the traffic seemed enormous then, it was horse-drawn and not lethal. It got there just as fast, because there were no jams or traffic blocks, but it did not run anyone over. Therefore, those men stood there selling toys. All had a different line to offer and the price of each toy was one penny each. There was nothing more expensive. A child with five shillings to spend—a vast sum indeed in those days—could therefore become the proud possessor of sixty toys, all of them different: be, in fact, almost a millionaire in Toyland. The choice was bewildering. The toys were displayed on little trays slung round the men's

Was a Fortune

Macqueen-Pope

necks. They all shouted their wares and proclaimed their wonders. It was a babel of Christmas delight. A boy—or a girl—was hard put to it to choose from such an array of richness. And all for one penny each.

There were little men in frock-coats who, when a string was pulled, removed their top-hats with an air of great politeness ; there were little model tortoises in little glass cases, which, when moved, wagged their heads and feet with a genuine semblance to life ; there were toy pistols which fired real caps, and little Japanese dolls, well-dressed and smelling slightly of camphor, which gave a genuine touch of the Orient. There were tiny little china dolls with no clothes on at all who lived, inexplicably, in walnut-shells, and other little china dolls, also completely nude, who took baths in public. The doll and the bath cost a penny. There was a tremendous choice of puzzles of all shapes, makes and sizes, but the small boy in question was not addicted to them. He never had any mechanical skill and school presented him with puzzles enough for his solving. Most of the puzzles were of wire, but some were in box form and you had to roll little pieces of mercury—known to him as quicksilver—into little holes, or manœuvre little balls into impossible positions. There were snakes made in sections, which wriggled and presented on the whole a thoroughly terrifying appearance ; and toy mice which looked as much like real mice as could be achieved for the modest sum of one penny.

Some of the toys were quite elaborate. Little woollen monkeys sat on bicycles made of wire—quite substantial copper wire, it seemed—and, kept upright by counterweights, rode gaily down pieces of string tilted at the right angle. They really did it, too. Little pieces of clay, decked with feathers to represent birds, fluttered slowly down pieces of ordinary wire, which were attached to cross-pieces of wood, fashioned like crosses, at each end of a stick, and small pieces of metal shaped like aeroplane propellers, all highly coloured, flew high in the air when pushed smartly up a metal rod with a screw-like thread in it. There were model Maxim guns which exploded caps with a sharp report, the machinery of which was very simple—just a rubber band which operated the lock, as it were. And for boys with military yearnings there were guns and swords, both of wood and with a lot of red paint about them ; not very substantial but all right if imagination played a part. There were tiny but quite complete packs of cards and little circular mirrors : not that a boy wanted to look at himself—but excellent as a reflector of the sun's rays into the eyes of other people ; and watchmen's rattles of green and red wood, which made a nice row and which, on a larger scale, still operate at football matches.

There were whistles of all shapes, but all very piercing of note, and a thing called a siren which certainly produced something very similar to the noises now familiar on the films which emanate from the cars of the "cops." There were pea-shooters, too, of first-class nuisance value. Can these still be bought ? There were paper windmills which revolved in the wind with quite bewildering change of hue, and very slim canes, mostly black, surmounted by china heads of dogs or horses, gilded over. These had to be kept from the grown-ups as they could be used on the lawful owner, if he did wrong, with very stinging effect. There were little packets of what were known as serpents' eggs, which, when touched with a match, burnt up and produced a grey ash which writhed about like a real serpent ; and also jumping beans, which did actually jump for quite a while, and were then opened to find out why activity ceased. Inside lay a small, dead insect of some kind. There was a plentiful supply of watches and chains—all at a penny. One of the most popular of the penny toys was a bull's-eye lantern, similar to that used by the police.

And all these things, and lots more, could be a child's possessions for five shillings. What would they get for that sum to-day ?

Illustrations by J. S. Goodall

Robin Red-breast

The most popular subject for Christmas cards, the robin in the snow, has been painted countless times. Far less often has it been photographed, and seldom so well as in these remarkable pictures by the late Dr. M. S. Wood. Three hundred years ago, this traditional symbol of the festive season may well have been eaten for Christmas dinner—at least in less-well-off households—for, like many other small birds, it was trapped for food. Thomas Muffett, writing in *Health's Improvement* in 1595, said that "Robin red-breast is esteemed a light and a good meat." A French recipe recommended the dish. "This amiable little songster is eaten roasted with bread crumbs." With all his aggressive faults, the robin is undoubtedly the best loved of British birds.

"The castle stood on a slope with the moors behind it, and the river running through the grounds in front."

"... as they bore the remains out, they met the laundry basket coming in."

Love in a Scottish Castle

A Christmas Short Story

By DOROTHY BLACK

Illustrations by Tom Taylor

THE castle stood on a slope with the moors behind it, and the river running through the grounds in front. It was historical and replete with every labour-making device and only partly inhabited. One wing was shut up and closed off behind a heavy grey velvet curtain. It was full of junk, with rats having a good time in there. You heard them at night, bouncing about. It was the sort of place people inherit, but seldom acquire voluntarily. Mathilda never looked quite the right person for it, but she had got it and she had to make the best of it.

All kinds of things had happened there in distant days. Illicit lovers had lurked. Warring tribesmen had hacked one another apart here and there about the demesne. There were slits in the walls of the castle through which gentlewomen had poured hot lead on to unwelcome callers. Workmen doing odd jobs about the place were for ever disinterring odd little heaps of bones.

None of this had anything to do with Mathilda, who had merely inherited the place from Henry. "You will be all right with the castle," he told her. "You let it in summer, and it pays for the whole year for you. You will be able to live abroad for an old song in the summer, and return, as I have always done, in the winter."

It was all very well for Henry, who was a man. It wasn't so simple for two lone women, but Henry hadn't thought of that. He had loved his castle a lot more, she knew, than ever he had loved her. Once there had been beautiful gardens there, and pleached walks and pleasaunces and little follies which had once been look-out posts. But since the war everything had gone to rack and ruin and there was no money to get it back, though Henry had sometimes struggled with the old mowing machine on the grass verges.

Long ago Mathilda had faced the fact that she had never been in love with Henry. For one thing, he had been old enough to be her father. It was her aunt who had the

(*Continued on following pages*)

LOVE IN A SCOTTISH CASTLE

(*Continued from previous page*)

good idea, for a man with a castle is always a man with a castle, and aunt made the fatal error of taking it for granted that money went with it. In this case, it did not.

At twenty Mathilda had been very unassuming and amenable and ready to fall in with anyone's good idea and well-intended plans.

"It isn't," her aunt had said, pointing out the advantages, "as if you were a clever girl. Or anything."

How true. Mathilda had had an entirely undistinguished career at school, where she was remarkable only for an ability to come out in spots at will—very confounding to form mistresses. In later life even that talent deserted her.

"You will be better married," said her aunt.

But she hadn't been better. Henry had not been an easy man. Mathilda had tried very hard to please him, but she knew she did not succeed. He was for ever standing at her shoulder with a complaint. This had made her very humble and unsure of herself.

Where any other lover would have given his lady a ring or a brooch or a ribbon to tie in her hair, Henry always weighed in with something useful. Something he wanted himself. A coat-hanger. Or new door handles. Once, in a fit of really exuberant generosity, he had an extra lavatory put in downstairs, for her birthday.

"I suppose," thought Mathilda, "I only have myself to blame." She looked at her small, rather pixie face in the glass, and decided sadly she was not at all glamorous.

There was plumbing of a kind in the castle. In the early part of the century a kinsman of Henry's, more modern than some, had blasted an aperture in the 6-ft.-thick walls, and had put in a bathroom. There it still was—with the original bath. Henry thought a lot of it. The only snag was that the pipes had been put on the outside of the castle walls to the north. They froze in early November and seldom came-to again till March or May, and as the winter was the only time Mathilda got to live in her castle, she did not get much good of her bathroom. What hot water they had was boiled up in kettles, by Colley, the faithful, true and bold.

The castle (and Colley) were Mathilda's sole means of support. In summer the place always let well, as Henry said it would. It let to the kind of people who fancy themselves in a castle, and swallow the estate agent's description whole, with its medieval features, historical landmarks, wealth of old oak, and unique atmosphere combined with modern comforts.

One year they got a lady novelist, pregnant with inspiration, who brought forth a Book of the Month at the very writing-table where Mathilda was always in such a tangle with her household bills. In a good year, they got Americans, but the same lot never came twice. From time to time there would be an oddly-assorted couple who always looked out of a top window before they answered the door. People who, one felt, had chosen the castle as a likely place to withstand a siege. For, apart from making sure of the financial standing of clients, Mr. Rammekin, who looked after Mathilda's affairs, never delved very deep. He did not care, as long as they paid, and neither did Mathilda.

Mr. Rammekin had been one of Henry's oldest friends. Like the castle, his firm had been in the family for generations. He extorted the utmost farthing for her.

So it was always strangers who enjoyed the summer up there and heard the curlews crying, and saw the moors turn wine-red and smelt the air full of the scent of the gorse. And fished the river for the silver salmon, and saw in the wrecked herbaceous borders and the long grass, a peony bursting here and there like a cream puff left over from a party.

In summer Mathilda and the ever-faithful Colley and Merry, who was only four and had been born after Henry died, went off abroad. Somewhere cheap. Usually it was a forgotten fishing village in Majorca, as yet undiscovered by other tourists, where one can live for a song, if you care about singing.

Mathilda didn't. She had no pioneering spirit. She hated every moment of it, and longed for home and quiet and security. She hated being on her own, having to haggle over bills in cheap hotels where things bit, and waiters, summing her up at a glance, were rude to her. Until they saw Colley. Then it was different. Colley was a descendant of those warring tribes, and foreigners scented it, and retired.

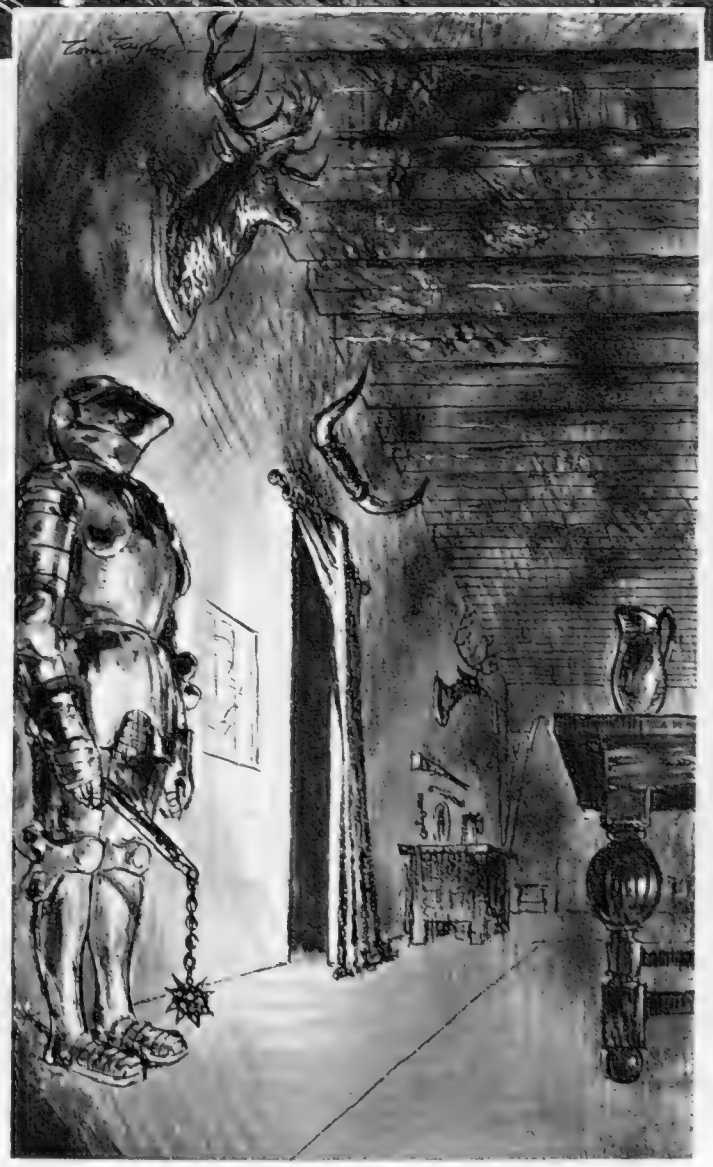
Mathilda was a home girl, who longed for a strong arm about her shoulders, and a loving heart to beat against her own. She never got it. Henry had been a chilly lover. Indeed, looking back on her brief married life, Mathilda often wondered how Merry had managed to arrive at all. Yet there she was, a bland, bouncing child, the apple of Colley's eye. Because of Merry, Mathilda knew that Colley would never leave them. She did not trust Mathilda sufficiently.

"If ever I marry," said Colley, "it 'ud have to be someone just round the corner." (That was the time the bull-fighter took a fancy to her.)

The funny thing was that in spite of its many discomforts and drawbacks, they were always pathetically glad to get back to the castle each year. There was

On right—

"*The first snowflakes fell as she got the little tree home.*"



something about the place that got you. They used to wander all over it, looking at the damage the latest tenants had done, and plan all the improvements they knew very well they could never afford to make. Once Mathilda even got as far as sending for a plumber to see if anything could be done about hot water. When he saw the size of the place, the thickness of the walls, and all the pipes on the outside to the north, he shook his head and laughed.

"Na, na," he said.

He was a good man, too, but they never saw him again.

"It was not having any place wide enough to get a cistern in, that put him off," said Colley, who had given him a cup of tea in the great vaulted kitchen. It was one of the castle's drawbacks that it had but one entrance, and that a narrow one. In distant days when the place was built, folks took no risks with side and back doors. One of Henry's favourite anecdotes had to do with his father's funeral, and how, as they bore the remains out, they met the laundry basket coming in. "A terrible jam," said Henry, but Mathilda soon learned she must not laugh, for Henry did not consider it funny—merely historical.

No one but Colley would ever have stood the cold and the inconvenience and the cooking arrangements, and she only did it, Mathilda was well aware, because she did not trust her alone with Merry. Every bit of firewood had to be carried up the long stone steps and down the long flagged passages. When the wind was in the north the fires all smoked. When it was in the south, they all went out.

Colley cooked and cleaned, and baked and washed and kept Mathilda up to her duty as a mother. When spring came at last and they got the place ready for summer visitors, Colley it was

On left—

"*They sat down to their Christmas dinner fully dressed, like Arctic explorers in an igloo.*"

who now struggled with the old mowing machine on the grass verges, singing as she pushed.

When I grow too old to mow
I 'll have this to remember !

Each year they hoped it wouldn't be a hard winter. Each year it was. First, the Big Blow, that mowed down half the trees in the country and left them all strewn around and muddled up, as if impatient giants had grown tired of a game of spillikins. Next, the Big Snow. As Mathilda and Colley went round the castle planning all the improvements they would never be able to make, they were still hoping it wouldn't occur.

Merry, being four, did not care one way or another.

"If we had electricity . . ." dreamed Mathilda.

"If I had a range I could really rely on . . ." dreamed Colley.

But other dreams they had, too, which they never discussed with one another, or said out loud. Sometimes, alone over the little wood fire where she often sat in the evening in the dark to save oil, Mathilda dreamed of a man she could love as she had never loved Henry ; who would love her as Henry had never done. A kind, warm, loving man who would give her a ring and a brooch and a ribbon to tie in her hair, and not just a coat-hanger or a piece of plumbing when he felt loving and fond. And she would get pretty depressed, sitting there alone, thinking of time passing and passing, and how a girl is only thirty once.

And in the big vaulted kitchen, fully dressed as for a long journey, Colley dreamed of a handsome baker, or butcher, who would one day alight from the van and hand her his heart along with a brown loaf. It was, she knew, a hopeless sort of dream, for the baker was old and had a

On left—

"*The door . . . was opening slowly. Someone pulled aside the heavy velvet curtain that covered it.*"

(*Continued on following page*)

" He went to the fire and knelt beside it holding his hands to the blaze, and she was suddenly aware that the odd noise she had heard was his teeth chattering."

LOVE IN A SCOTTISH CASTLE

(*Continued from previous page*)

moustache which looked like a nail-brush that has lurked too long in a soap-dish. Still she went on dreaming, for a girl must have some beauty in her life. It would have to be someone nearby—so that she could keep an eye on Merry and Mathilda. She had to keep an eye on Mathilda, who would have forgotten her head if it had been loose.

" You got the tree in yet ? " asked Colley, poking her head round the door. For it was now Christmas Eve. The wind howled in a mean way. The sky looked like an Army blanket pegged over them.

" Better fetch it before it starts snowing," said Colley.

Mathilda removed one coat and a scarf. It was always a good deal warmer outside than inside the castle. She went up to the fir wood behind the castle and thought sadly how she had said to Mr. Rammekin, only the week before, depressed at the thought of winter coming : " Maybe we could sell the place ? "

Mr. Rammekin had laughed, but hollowly.

" And, in any case, I don't think Henry would like it," he had reminded her kindly, and somehow she got the impression that he was trying to warn her in quite a nice way, that Henry would make a spiteful ghost.

The memory depressed her, as she found and dragged a suitable fir-tree home. Colley insisted they keep all the feasts and festivals in their due season, for Merry's sake. Merry must always have a cake on her birthday (with candles) and eggs at Eastertide, no matter how inconvenient it was. Mathilda still had a rankling memory of a cream chocolate egg hidden in a chair in a Spanish hotel—by Colley for Merry. Most unfortunately before Merry found it, a military gentleman had sat on it in his best riding breeches. There had been a lot of unpleasantness, and it was not easy to explain, as Mathilda knew very little Spanish, and they do not have the same customs there.

The first snowflakes fell as she got the little tree home.

That was the beginning of it.

It snowed, and it went on snowing. However much fell, there always seemed more to come.

" I 've got my store cupboard stacked, and moved the hens into the cellar," said Colley, that being their first line of defence in siege. The funny thing was that Colley seemed to enjoy it. She was never so happy as when she was fighting fearful odds. Only one thing got her down. " I 've stacked the wood, too," said Colley. " That 's the one job makes me want to curl up for the winter. I reckon there 's many a woman has got married before now just to get her firewood brought in."

" I shouldn't wonder," Mathilda said.

They were dressing the tree. Colley was up the ladder fixing the fairy doll on top, and some glass icicles and shining paper stars.

" She took the mending basket up and sat down beside him."

" Oh, Colley, darling, what would I do without you ? " said Mathilda in a burst of gratitude. " And the worst of it is I can't pay you nearly as much as you 'd get somewhere else."

" I wouldn't be happy anywhere else," said Colley. " It 's what you are used to."

It snowed, and it still went on snowing. On Christmas morning the drifts were up to the window-sills and frost had painted extravagant blossoms and vistas all over the glass. By Christmas night the windows were blocked altogether, and drifts had gone up as far as the second storey.

" It looks like a big snow," said Colley.

They sat down to their Christmas dinner fully dressed, like Arctic explorers in an igloo. There was turkey and plum pudding, and crackers and dessert and everything a child should have. There were parcels for everyone under the Christmas tree after tea, cleverly eked out by Colley to look far more than they were.

On Boxing Day it was still snowing, and Mathilda heard a sudden scream from the larder.

" You know what ? " said Colley emerging quite pale. " Someone 's been in and took one of our turkey's legs."

She held out the dish. The corpse certainly looked mutilated.

" Oh, Colley, dear, it can't have been stolen," said Mathilda soothingly. One of Colley's girlish foibles was a haunting conviction that she had been robbed. She was for ever hiding things for safety and then, being unable to find them again, suspecting a thief. It seemed to Mathilda more than likely that she had absentmindedly eaten the leg herself. " Or maybe it was a one-legged turkey, anyway," she said, trying to pass it off lightly.

Colley sniffed and did not think it funny.

" Mark my words, there 's someone around," she said.

" But they couldn't get in ! " cried Mathilda. " Look at the snow."

All the same, she wished Colley had not had that idea, for it was a bit eerie. Horrid headlines lingered on the brink of her imagination, and she had some difficulty in ignoring them and keeping them at bay. " WOMEN MURDERED IN LONELY CASTLE . . ." She shivered a little, crouching that night over the dying fire in the big sitting-room. Far off down below Colley was rattling around, shutting up for the night.

It was still snowing. You could hear it whispering outside on the roof and walls.

(*Continued on page 53*)

Christmas dinner in Centennial Park, Sydney, Australia.

In some parts of the world
Christmas brings sunshine instead of snowflakes
electric fans instead of icy breezes
But all the world over people choose–

Huntley & Palmers

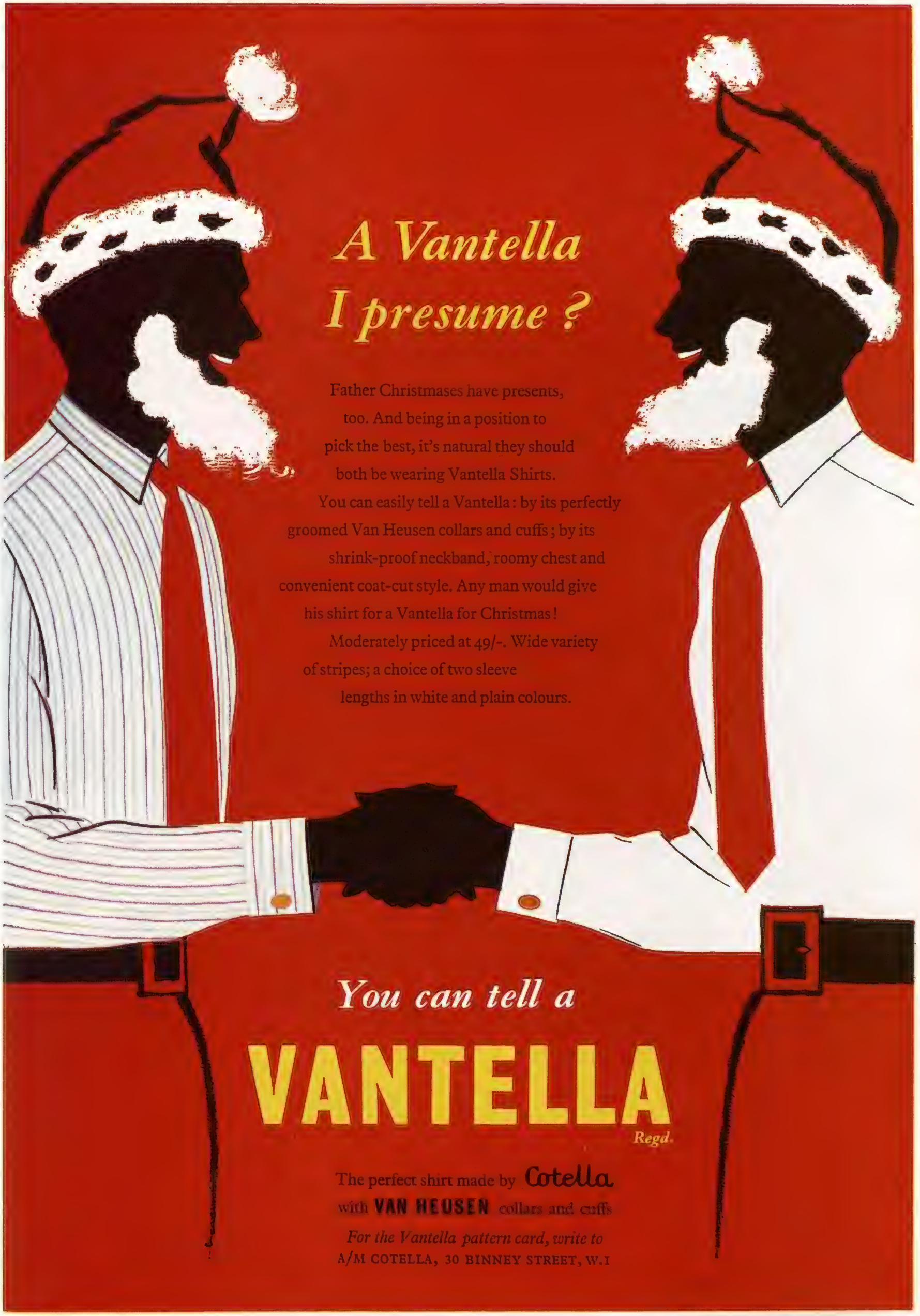
the first name you think of in biscuits

"The Queen of Villages"—Godshill. The name is a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon Godes Hyl—the hill of the idol.

Winter Sunshine on the Isle of Wight

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY CAVENDISH MORTON

The view from Ashey Down looking towards Mersley Down.



A Vantella I presume ?

Father Christmases have presents, too. And being in a position to pick the best, it's natural they should both be wearing Vantella Shirts.

You can easily tell a Vantella: by its perfectly groomed Van Heusen collars and cuffs; by its shrink-proof neckband, roomy chest and convenient coat-cut style. Any man would give his shirt for a Vantella for Christmas!

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You can tell a

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OLD ST. PAUL'S

(*Concluded from page 16*)

At all times of emergency or crisis the citizens of London turned to their cathedral as a magnet. Or perhaps one can put it better by saying that its great mass had a function like a mother hen, gathering under her wings a brood of unruly chicks. Even before the Great Fire of 1666, St. Paul's had become profaned and degraded in spite of successive attempts to prevent it. During the Middle Ages, for example, the Dean and Chapter had tried to stop boys from shooting bows and arrows at the pigeons in the churchyard and from breaking the windows with stones, and they had complained time and time again of their noisy neighbours who inhabited the various houses which abutted on to the cathedral.

Queen Elizabeth I, however, was made of sterner stuff and she passed an Act forbidding the carting of fish, bread and fruit through the cathedral (there was a short cut from a door near Canon Alley on the north to Carter Lane on the south which tradesmen were not slow to take advantage of). She also forbade the leading of horses and mules through the building, and the holding of fights and shooting of pistols. This fantastic state of affairs is perhaps understandable when it is realised that until the building of the Royal Exchange by Gresham, St. Paul's was the only large building in the City open to the public as an escape from the weather.

But these proclamations led to no reform. Quacks, cheats and rascals continued to throng the middle aisle (seen in the drawing with the Norman piers and Gothic choir beyond), whose walls were covered with advertisements. It was a meeting-place of parasites and pimps, professional ladies and worthless servants. Shakespeare's Falstaff hired his red-nosed Bardolph here and Ben Jonson laid the third act of *Every Man in his Humour* in the same setting.

Before then, in the reign of Edward VI, St. Paul's witnessed the Reformation and the pious zeal, somewhat artistically misguided, which tore down the images and sold the treasures of the cathedral. In the Cathedral of Valencia are three superb altar cloths which were disposed of at this time from Old St. Paul's. The Duke of Somerset, in 1548, tore down the charnel chapel at the north-east of St. Paul's and used the stone for the palace which occupied the site of what is now Somerset House. Many of the shrines were destroyed, especially those tombs at which worship had taken place. The tomb of John of Gaunt only narrowly escaped. There must have been many in those days who recalled the words of the psalmist:

> " He that hath hewed timber afore out of the thick trees was known to bring it to an excellent work
> But now they break down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers."

The nave and aisles were not the only parts of the church to be desecrated; the font was used for payments of money and sightseers made a nuisance of themselves by climbing the tower and shouting from the top. The leads and stonework were disfigured by their habit of carving their names. Even the Crypt did not escape, as it was also used as a place of resort by the idle and was occupied at one time as a place of business by stationers.

Mention has been made of the houses in the churchyard which was originally enclosed, dwellings being built against the walls of the precincts, an area of about twelve acres. In the course of time the buildings spread to the walls of the cathedral itself, the buttresses being often cut away to make space for shops. In one of them a baker built an oven, hollowed out in the thickness of the stonework, in which to bake pies and bread. Against the walls of the West End of the nave a building was erected for the first lottery held in England. Prizes of plate and suits of armour were drawn for and the profits were used for repairing harbours up and down the country.

Other buildings serving ecclesiastical purposes within the churchyard were the Bishop's Palace, which was demolished in 1647 to make way for warehouses and shops, the Deanery, the residences of the various canons, the Parish Church of St. Gregory, Paul's Cross, the detached bell tower at the East End and the charnel chapel.

The ruinous state of the great cathedral at the time to which our drawings refer, i.e., the closing year of Shakespeare's life, led to attempts, more or less fruitless, by James I to restore it. However, the Duke of Buckingham borrowed the stone collected for this purpose to build his palace in the Strand and, incidentally, the York Water Gate in the Embankment Gardens. Charles I, of course, did more. Aided by Laud and London merchants, Inigo Jones's restorations were begun. But the Civil War put an end to them and it was reserved for the middle-seventeenth century to put the final touch to the tribulations of the building.

The scaffolding left by Jones was pulled down to provide money for overdue pay for a regiment, and with it came part of the South Transept. The choir was turned into a cavalry barracks and the pulpit and cross entirely destroyed. Dragoons quartered in the cathedral were so noisy, drunken and troublesome they had to be forbidden from playing ninepins. The Chapter House roof had fallen in. The Cloisters were in ruins (due to neglect as well as to the ignorance of the soldiers) and the vaults of the Cloister House were turned into a wine cellar.

After the Restoration, Charles II determined to restore order and to take vigorous steps to save the half-ruined cathedral. Vast sums of money were collected and a Royal Commission set up. Wren made a thorough survey of the fabric, but, on Sunday, September 2, 1666, the Great Fire of London reduced the church to a calcined shell and finally put an end to the plans and to Old St. Paul's.

The exterior of Old St. Paul's, like the interior, was grossly misused. Houses, shops, stalls and sheds were built against the walls. In one house the owner baked his bread in an oven constructed in a buttress. At the West End a house was built in 1569 for selling lots at ten shillings each in the first State lottery.

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CUSSONS OF 84 BROOK ST GROSVENOR SQUARE LONDON W1

" La Chasse de Compiègne " is the theme of this French wallpaper of the early nineteenth century. It was published by Jacquemart et Bénard.

A Chinese wallpaper in Weston Park, in Staffordshire. Such papers as this were brought to England from the East during the eighteenth century by East India merchantmen and set the fashion for " Chinese rooms " in the homes of the wealthy.

THE ART OF WALLPAPER

The first wallpaper to be produced in England was uncovered at Christ's College, Cambridge, some fifty years ago and is believed to have been made in 1509. The " Cambridge Fragment," as it is called, is certainly unique, for it was published at a time when the use of wood blocks for printing any kinds of pattern was extremely rare.

Although wallpapers of a high quality were being designed in France as early as 1600, it is not until the latter part of the century that we really begin to learn about wallpapers in our own country. There are references by contemporary writers to " paper tapistry," and the diarist Evelyn talks of " India " hangings.

These latter were probably the Chinese wallpapers which were already beginning to be imported from the Far East. The Chinese were the inventors of paper itself, so it is not surprising that they should have pioneered in the use of the material for hanging on walls. When eventually China became opened to the West, the captains of East Indian merchantmen brought back specimens of the Chinese papers, and started a fashion. In the eighteenth century anyone who mattered had a " Chinese room " in his house, and English artists produced their own versions of the Chinese themes, some of them being very fine work. Other inspiration for wallpaper artists came from France. In the nineteenth century wallpaper publishing definitely became an English art in the hands of such as William Morris, Walter Crane and Kate Greenaway, and in the present age this standard has been maintained by numerous excellent designers.

A flock paper with this motif and inspired by a French design of around 1785 is on the walls of Clandon Park, near Guildford.

Powis Castle, near Welshpool, has a fine original Chinese wallpaper. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries English designers produced their own versions of the Chinese themes.

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The Driver of 1832

The Driver of 1852

From Coach to Rail

These delightful prints were published in 1852 as part of a set under the general title of Fores's Contrasts. The aquatints were engraved by J. Harris from the original paintings of Henry Alken. The period when coaches were reluctantly giving way to trains is referred to in Elizabeth Coxhead's article on coaching at the beginning of the nineteenth century on pages 19 and 22. It is understandable that guards should take more easily to the new form of transport than did the drivers. Some of them came to London and other big towns to drive omnibuses ; a few became horse-dealers or stud-grooms, but generally they died out of harness. It is recorded that coach-drivers were not long-lived because the fresh air promoted large appetites which were fully satisfied without the compensation of physical exercise !

The Guard of 1852

The Guard of 1832

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LOVE IN A SCOTTISH CASTLE

(*Continued from page 42*)

Hush, hush, hush ! In the closed wing among the junk, the rats made wassail. Mathilda curled up in a corner of the big sofa by the dying fire it was a pity to waste, and dozed a little in the firelight. And she dreamed the world was green again, and the tap, tap-tapping she heard was roses knocking at the window, and the stealthy creaking horse was just the rats as usual.

Only it wasn't.

The door into the shut-off wing was opening slowly. Someone pulled aside the heavy velvet curtain that covered it.

Mathilda had often read of people's hair standing on end, but she never believed a word of it. Now she knew there was something in the story, for she felt her own rise at the back of her head. She opened her mouth to scream, but no sound came.

Out of the shadows a figure appeared, moving noiselessly.

Her first thought was that Henry's ghost had come to haunt her spitefully, as Mr. Rammekin had half-hinted it might. Then she saw the figure was a deal too long and lean for Henry. Nor, somehow, did he give her the impression that he was a potential murderer. He went to the fire and knelt beside it, holding his hands to the blaze, and she was suddenly aware that the odd noise she heard was his teeth chattering.

" What are you doing here ? " she asked quietly.

He gave an enormous start and got to his feet, peering into the shadows trying to see her. When his voice finally came it was little more than a croak.

" I 'm sorry . . ." he began. He got no further. He collapsed and fell in a heap on the hearthrug at her feet.

" Well, did you ever ! " said Colley. " Poor chap ! Pneumonia, that 's what it is, and no wonder, if you seen the mess in there. Pools of water that must have come out of his suit, and no heat of any kind and nothing by way of bedding at all."

" But what was he doing in there ? " Mathilda asked, bewildered.

" Maybe he 'll tell us when he gets well. *If* he gets well," said Colley.

" Whatever will we do if he dies ? " said Mathilda, shocked.

" No need to worry. Things keep ever so well in the snow," said Colley, a practical soul. She had taken away his sodden clothes. Mercifully they had plenty of Henry's pyjamas still by them. The coats fitted well enough, but the pants looked like long shorts on him. He lay there looking like a crusader in a cathedral, and for a long time just as dead, not handsome at all, but oddly dignified in his extremity.

" If he isn't one of the family, why should he want to come here ? " puzzled Mathilda. Colley took a long look at him.

" Well, I never seen him before. Not to my knowledge," she said. " Just hark at his breathing. Awful, isn't it ? I doubt if we 'll pull him through."

But they pulled him through.

Weak sunshine was drifting over the hills, and the fields all about them were dappled like the rump of a skewbald pony on the day he first sat up. The snow was melting at last. Great mats of it slid down the roof and plopped into the courtyard, turning it into a lake. Colley had taken Merry out for a walk, and Mathilda was on duty. She took the mending basket up and sat down beside him. That was the first afternoon he showed any desire to talk.

" It was the snow beat me," he said. " If it hadn't been for the snow, everything would have been all right. I left my car down the road in a field and brought only one small case with me. I meant to camp for one night, and I 'd food enough for that, but the snow came, and I could find neither the road nor the car. So I had to come back, and a nice fix I was in. Once or twice I came through and got some food. I meant to write later and explain and pay for what I took. It all sounds mad, I know, but it's the way it happened. I never dreamed I 'd get ill. I never *am* ill ! "

" You were this time. Very ill," said Mathilda. He turned on his side and lay looking at her, embarrassed and angry. " But why did you come here at all ? " Mathilda asked. " And if you had to come, why didn't you ring the bell and come in in the usual manner ? " She smiled a little, and said : " We wouldn't have minded." She thought : " There would have been someone to carry up Colley's firewood for her."

He shut his eyes and lay still for a moment, as if trying to decide how to put it politely.

" I didn't know who was here. For all I knew it might have been Henry himself. He was my guardian, and we never got on and we didn't part friends. I did not particularly want to meet Henry face to face."

" You won't," said Mathilda, simply. " At least, not yet. Henry died four years ago."

She wasn't certain if he took it in, for he made no comment but went on :

" I loved this place. I spent a lot of my schooldays here long ago. Young men don't only fall in love with women," he said huskily. " They fall in love with hills, and rivers, and open stretches of country. Once I had a wild dream I would save up and buy the place—but money isn't what it was."

" Nor are castles," said Mathilda.

" All those years I was down-under, I had this idea to come back again and see the old place standing out grey against the moor. ' Hills of sheep,' he quoted softly, ' and homes of the vanquished silent races, and winds austere and pure . . .' "

Mathilda gulped, for that was one of her favourite poems. Once in the early days of their marriage she had tried reading it aloud to Henry :

Blows the wind to-day and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day, and now
Where about the graves of the martyrs the waups are crying,
My heart remembers how.

Henry thought poetry was merely a complicated and roundabout way of saying what he could put in a few words.

" Why can't the fellah say it 's a wet day and be done with it ? " he had demanded testily. So she never read him poetry after that. She said breathlessly :

" That 's the way I often feel when we go to Majorca."

He turned on his side and looked at her again.

" Then why go to Majorca ? "

" Well, it 's cheap and one thing and another."

" But—aren't you the rich tenants Henry let the place to ? I heard he let it now every year, and made a packet. That 's one of the reasons I didn't want to come in the ordinary way—to see rich people living in my castle would be like seeing the girl you love married to someone else."

" ' *Rat-traps,' he explained. ' The very latest kind.* ' "

" The castle belongs to me, but I am not at all rich," said Mathilda. If she had looked at him she would have seen the surprise in his eyes, for she did not look at all like a girl who owned a castle. She did not look at him. She was sewing on a linen button, and presently he closed his eyes and turned away wearily.

" Well, you should have those bars over the window seen to," he said. " They just lift out. Anybody could get in. And you need some rat-traps."

" I need a lot of things," Mathilda said sadly.

When Colley heard the story she laughed and laughed.

" Rich tenants ! Us ! That 's the funniest thing I heard since the man came in November trying to sell us a Frigidaire," she said.

The snow had gone. Under the trees in the ruined gardens it was snowdrops now that made the deep white drifts. The garage people sent along a list of all the things that were wrong with his car. It heartened Mathilda a lot to know it would take quite a time to have them put right again. And Dr. Finken, who came up when the floods subsided and let him through, advised several weeks of rest and quiet before the patient would be fit to get around again.

" But it 's terrible, landing myself on you like this. And without proper clothes. All my stuff 's in Edinburgh, waiting to be collected."

Henry's pants were certainly short for him. You could not tell if they were long shorts or short longs, but what did it matter ? Up there on the moor nobody ever came. The days passed. It was wonderful to have company in the evenings, when Merry was in bed and Colley clattering about down below. It was wonderful to have someone to read poetry aloud to her as she sewed. Sometimes when she looked up she would find his eyes on her, with a look any other woman save Mathilda would have recognised at sight, but living with Henry had made her very diffident and humble. She knew she was the sort of girl men only give coat-hangers to. Or small bedside rugs they want themselves !

Then Mr. Rammekin's letters began to come, filled with suggestions for the summer let.

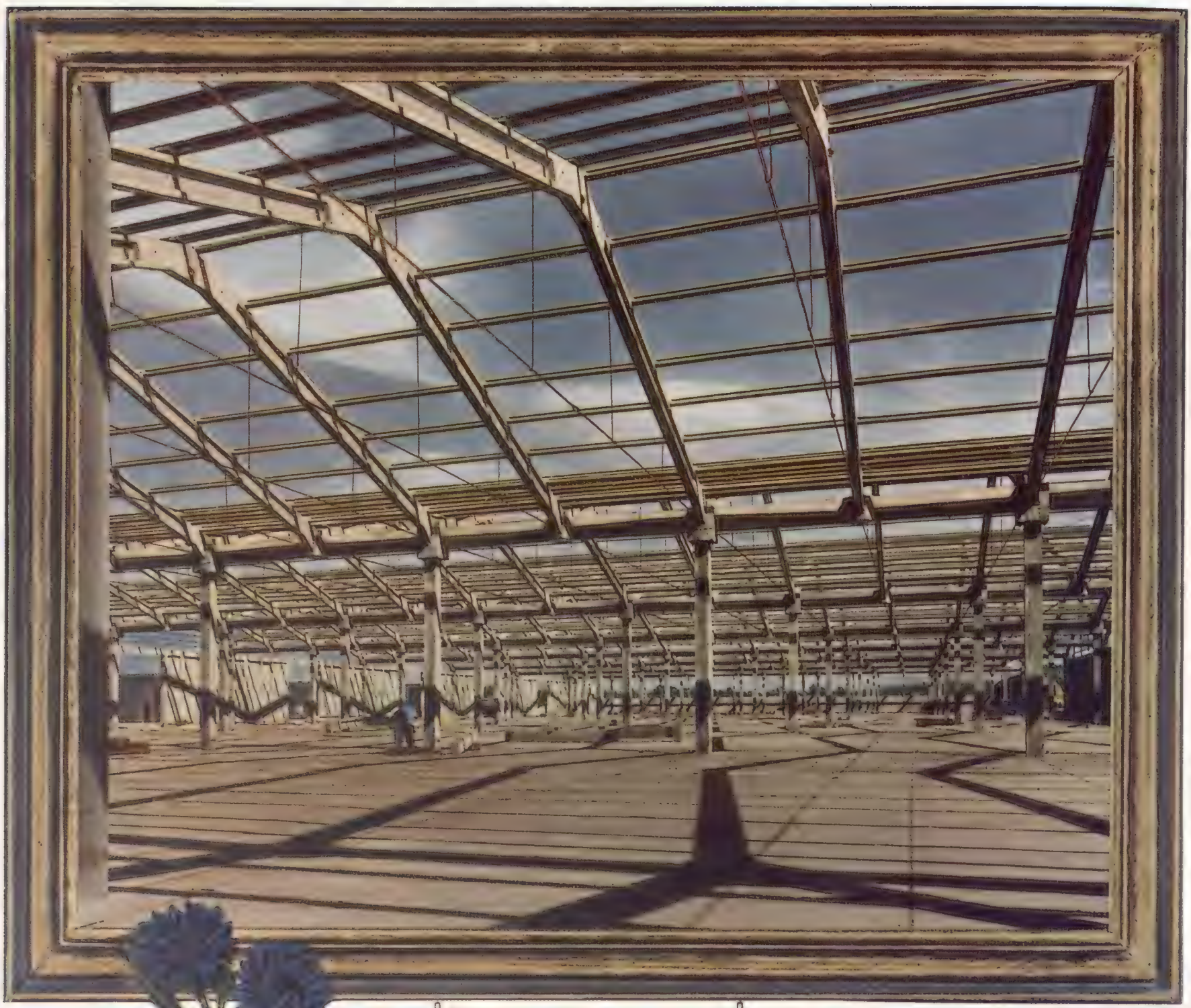
So now there was nothing for it, and he must go.

" But what will you do ? " asked Mathilda. " And who will look after you ? Dr. Finken says you 're not really fit yet."

He stood with his back to her, looking out on to the moor. The curlews gave their long trilling notes there, and the waups were crying.

" I don't know yet what my plans are. Maybe I 'll buy a farm," he said. He didn't say what he longed to say. A man without much money can hardly ask a girl who owns a castle to marry him. At least, not without some encouragement, and he never got any encouragement, and it seemed to him hopeless, for

(*Concluded on page 55*)



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LOVE IN A SCOTTISH CASTLE

(*Concluded from page 53*)

they were worlds apart. Like Mathilda's aunt of long ago, he over-estimated the importance of owning a castle. But he was glad it was she who owned it. It wouldn't hurt as much to think of her there, as with some.

But he wanted terribly to do something for her before he left. To show his gratitude for the care and kindness and hospitality he had had from them both. Colley was easy. You could give Colley a whacking tip—but what could he do for Mathilda? What did she need?

He pondered extensively over the problem and finally wrote a letter. Then sadly he made plans to depart. His one wearable suit, cockled and rough-dried after its snow-bath, the trouser-legs like concertinas, hung in his cupboard, and he looked at it ruefully.

"Give it to Colley. Colley will press it for you," Mathilda said. "She always valeted Henry."

Somehow he hated to hear her speak of Henry. Had she, he wondered, been as wretched with him as that schoolboy of long ago? She never said. It never entered Mathilda's head that anyone could be interested in her affairs.

The parcel, when it came, was large and oddly flimsy. She was sitting at the writing-table the lady novelist had used to so useful an end, when he gave it to her.

"I am not much good at buying things for women. I've had so little experience," he said, clumsy and embarrassed. "But I knew that these would be useful."

Her spirits sank at that all-too-familiar word. She undid the wrapping and some odd wire structures emerged which she did not at first recognise.

"Rat-traps," he explained. "The very latest kind. I hated to think of you having to listen to that incessant noise. If I hadn't been ill I would have cleared up the junk in there for you. It ought to be cleared . . ."

He demonstrated the working of the thing for her.

"You see—the rat goes in there. Then it can't get out again, so there you are . . ."

Mathilda stared at the trap, horror-stricken.

"Yes. But what then?"

He hadn't thought of that. "I believe you throw the thing into water. Or hit them on the head," he said ruefully. "To tell you the truth, I did not ask about that."

"Good heavens! What's these?" said Colley, coming in later.

"A useful present. Rat-traps," said Mathilda. "They get in and they can't get out. Like us. Then you knock them on the head. Or something . . ."

She burst into tears and ran upstairs.

Well, of all things. Rat-traps, thought Colley, and she picked one up and looked at it this way and that. If that didn't beat everything, and it was plain as a pikestaff that that wasn't what he wanted to give her at all. Right from the start Colley had known how the land lay. You had only to see the way he looked at her. And all that poetry-reading was bound in the end to lead to only one thing, given enough time.

It was lack of time that was going to spoil everything. If he went away now, back they would go to Majorca, until next winter. There was another letter from Mr. Rammekin come by the afternoon post. If he stayed, and went on paying them for his board and keep the way he had been doing, they could manage. They had even put a little something by.

Given a little more time, they would come together, and it would be a fine thing for Merry to live peacefully in a family again instead of being bumped half over Europe in a station wagon. Colley went slowly down to the kitchen. There ought to be some way to fix it, but for the moment she was stumped. She couldn't think of one.

Then she saw his one good suit hanging over the back of a chair, waiting to be pressed. They had got used to seeing him going around in clothes several sizes too small for him. It would be a treat to see him properly dressed, and him a fine figure of a man, six-foot-two exactly. She had measured him with her dress-maker's tape measure while he lay sick, just in case and not being one to take chances.

As she hung the coat, good as new again, over a chair-back, and spread out the trousers on her ironing-board, the great idea came to her. Plopped from nowhere into her mind. Or maybe poked there by somebody's guardian angel, the way some good ideas undoubtedly are . . .

When Mathilda had done crying she washed her face and powdered her nose, and went down to the kitchen to get tea. Colley, she knew, had taken Merry and gone down to the village to shop. And when she remembered this was the last happy tea they would have altogether and that he was off the next day, tears began to gather in her eyes again.

It struck her as she entered the kitchen there was a queer smell, but she thought little of that. Colley had a way of concocting odd odours. She picked his coat, beautifully pressed, off the chair and held it for a moment against her cheek, and then she kissed the collar of it, and she wished they could have the winter over again, snow and all, and it seemed to her those uncomfortable days were the happiest of her life.

It wasn't until she turned to pick up the pants that she saw the note. Colley had pinned it on to them.

"Ever so sorry. Accidents will happen."

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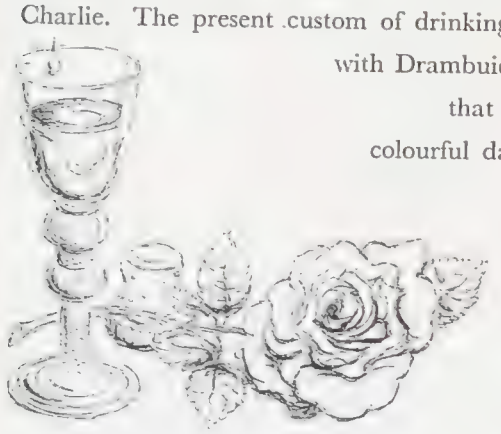

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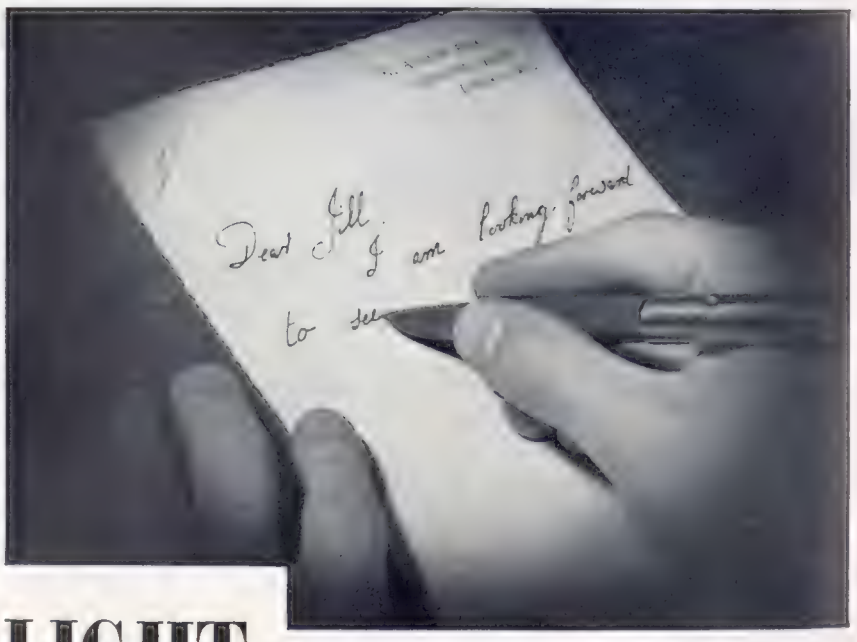

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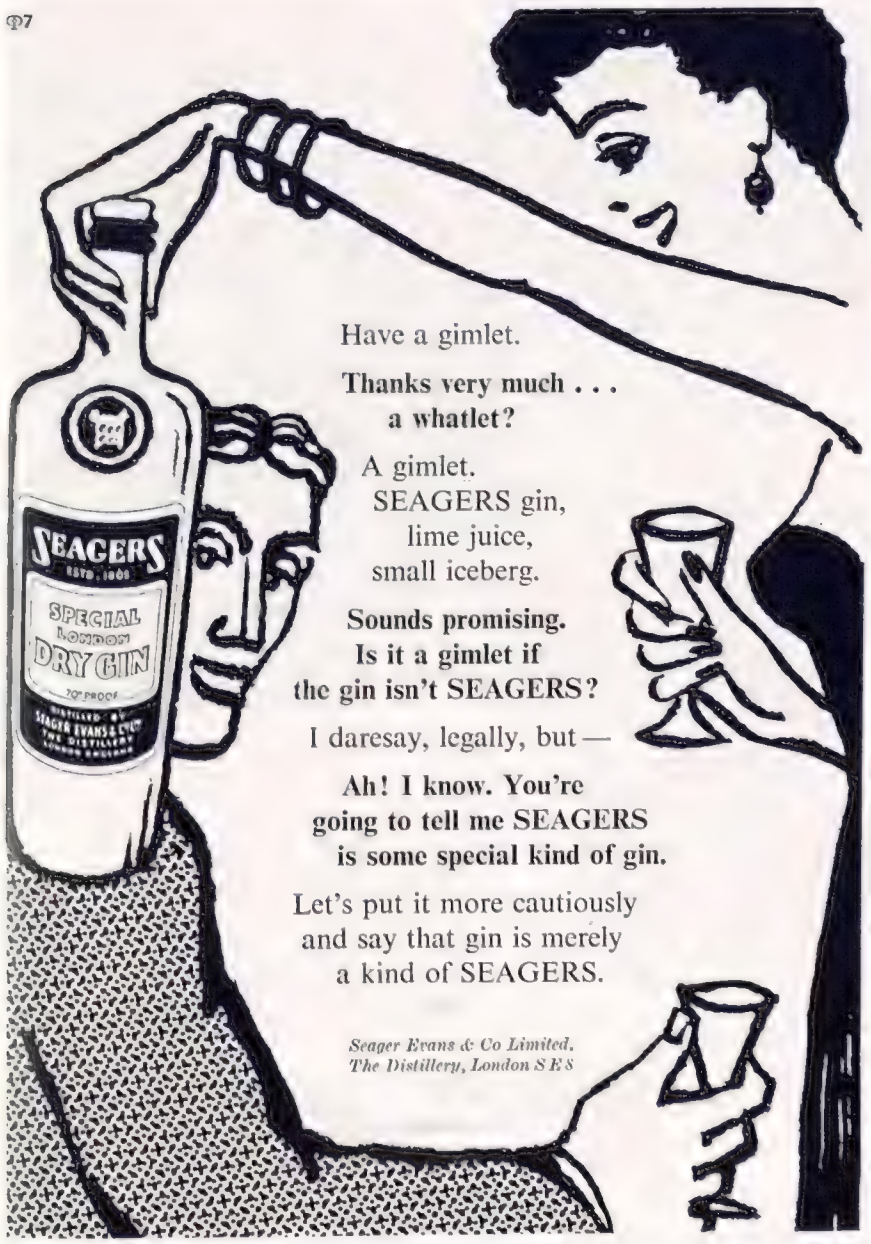

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A gimlet.
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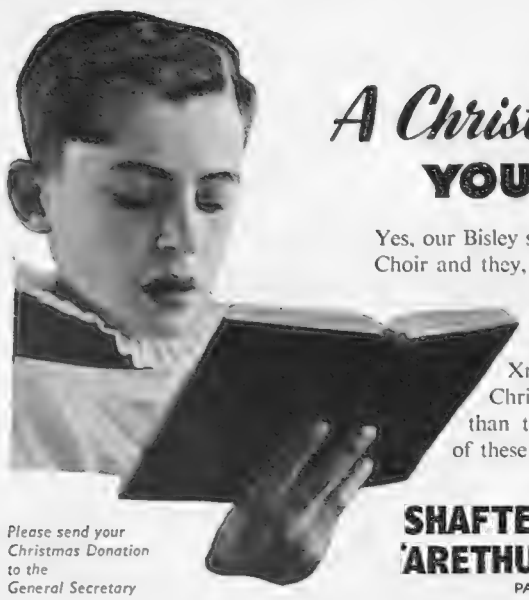

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LIVED HAPPILY"—

turns this fairy-tale into reality

to care for—motherless and fatherless babies, children from broken homes. It costs over 25s. for every minute of every day to provide for this gigantic family, so only by your generosity is the Society able to buy those extra Christmas delights which ordinary children enjoy in the warm circle of family affection. Please send your gifts to the children to the Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

Christmas Seals.—The double-barred Cross of Lorraine, international symbol of the fight against tuberculosis, forms the main feature of the sheet of 100 N.A.P.T. Christmas Seals for 1956. These seals not only provide funds for the welfare of tuberculous patients, but also for the prevention of the disease by research and education. Printed in yellow, white, red and green, they make a festive decoration for Christmas letters and parcels. They can be obtained at 4s. per sheet of 100 from the NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS, Tavistock House North, London, W.C.1. Christmas cards at 7s. and 4s. per dozen are also available.

Call of the Sea.—In these days, when so much is heard of juvenile delinquency, the SHAFTESBURY HOMES and *Arethusa* Training Ship must rank high among the possessions of the British people. Here some 800 boys and girls are being prepared for the world. More than 40,000 in their day have had cause to be grateful for this training. The famous ship, and schools, which are also real homes, are neither nationalised nor subsidised. They depend largely on *you* and *your* donations, and your personal interest. Donations, which at this time might well be regarded as Christmas presents, will be gratefully received by the Secretary, THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Moral Aid.—THE CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION is the special Church of England body responsible for the sympathetic handling of moral welfare work among women and girls. It assists committees to found Rescue Homes, and gives annual grants to Homes in league with the Association. Every penny received in donations and subscriptions is distributed. Please help this good work by sending a Christmas gift to the CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION, 20, John Street, Theobald s Road, London, W.C.1.

Dr. Barnardo's Family.—Preparations for Christmas in DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES have the real family flavour. Each of the 7,000 boys and girls in their care receives at least one present sent in by a well-wisher, and there are Christmas trees, too, which contain many surprises from "Mother" and her helpers. But all the good things which make a happy Christmas for the children are only made possible by the generosity of voluntary givers. The Homes are not nationalised, and since there are 110 branches of the work in the British Isles, the need for support is very real. Your gifts will be gratefully received at 20, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Will you be an

HONORARY FATHER CHRISTMAS?

A gift to The Salvation Army makes you an honorary Father Christmas immediately. There are no other duties—just the comforting knowledge that others, far less fortunate, will enjoy the Army's seasonal goodwill and cheer.

Please send whatever you can afford to "Christmas Fund," 113 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

The Salvation Army

HELP IS URGENTLY NEEDED

for

Moral Welfare Work among Women, Girls and Children

For over 100 years the Church Moral Aid Association has been actively engaged in this work.
It assists Committees to found Homes. Acts as Custodian Trustees for properties. Helps old and needy workers.
Gives maintenance grants annually to Homes in Union, also gives bursaries towards the training of workers.

Fullest particulars will be gladly supplied by the Secretary

CHURCH MORAL AID ASSOCIATION

(formerly Church Penitentiary Association)

20 JOHN STREET, THEOBALD'S ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1

But . . . please don't forget the others!

There are nearly 5,000 children in our family who also hope their wishes will come true.

Will you be their SANTA CLAUS?

10/- will help to provide Christmas fare for one child.

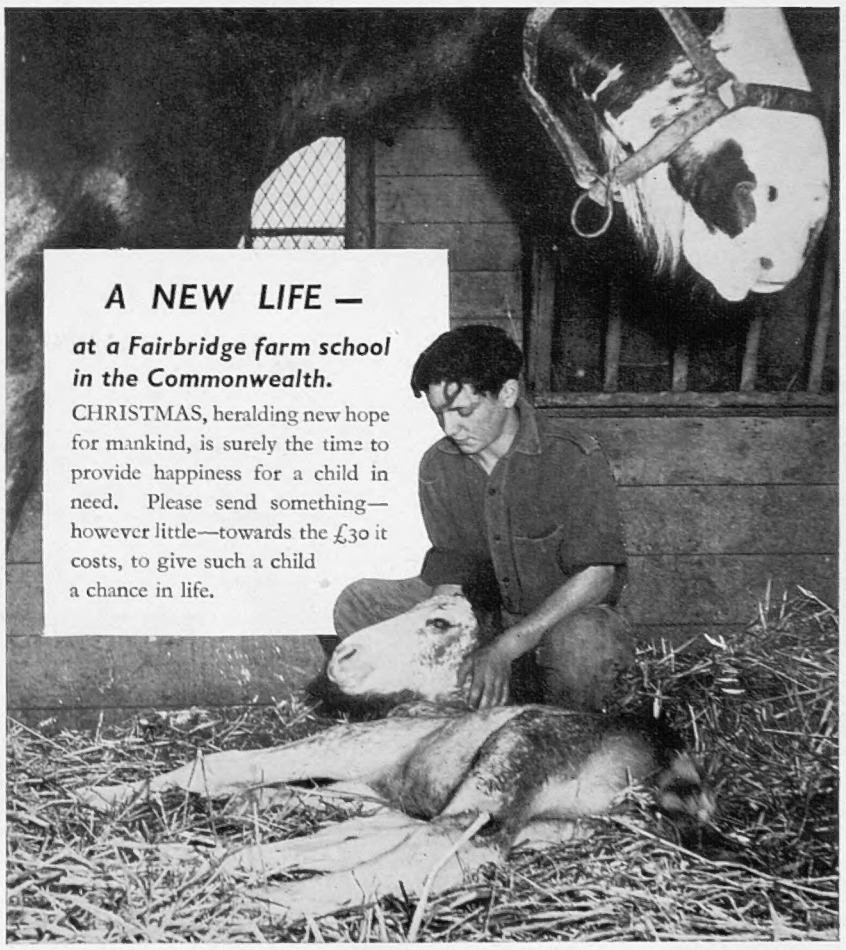
Christmas Donations gratefully received by the Secretary.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY

(formerly **WAIFS AND STRAYS**)

Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11



A NEW LIFE —

at a Fairbridge farm school in the Commonwealth.

CHRISTMAS, heralding new hope for mankind, is surely the time to provide happiness for a child in need. Please send something—however little—towards the £30 it costs, to give such a child a chance in life.

THE FAIRBRIDGE SOCIETY

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Director: W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E.

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Buy attractive *NAPT* seals and Christmas cards to help the fight against Tuberculosis

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4/- per 100

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER TOILET SOAP MAKERS

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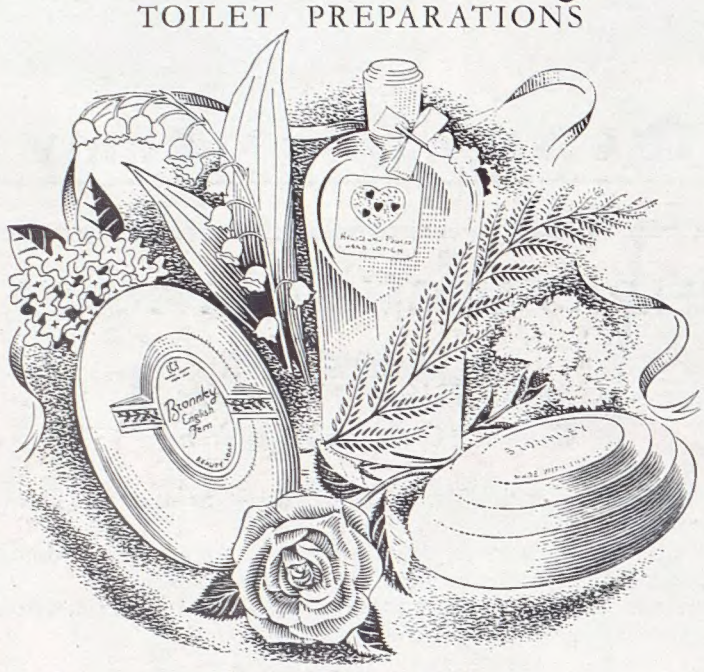

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Perfect, because Noilly Prat is made by Frenchmen from French grapes with all the care and skill that is traditional to French wine makers . . . because Noilly Prat is allowed to age to full graciousness for at least 5 years . . . yet it costs no more than ordinary vermouths . . . and here's how to serve it to perfection :

Gin and French ½ Gin, ½ Noilly Prat.
Short Noilly Neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed and dropped into the vermouth.
Long Noilly Pour two fingers of Noilly Prat into a Tumbler, add ice, top with soda.

—and of course in any cocktail that calls for 'French'. By insisting on Gin and Noilly Prat you ensure getting Gin and 'French'.

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FRENCH VERMOUTH

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For the Man who is too big for a Christmas Stocking

He may have a camera and outdoor gear, but have you ever thought of giving him

A PAIR OF DOLLOND BRITISH MADE BINOCULARS

We illustrate above our latest model, the Dollond "OWLOND." This is the first time that it has been possible to offer a Binocular with these specifications at such a reasonable price. Magnifying 9 times, it has an object-glass diameter of 40 mm. It is already a popular choice for racing, bird-watching and most occasions. Price, post free anywhere, including case, £20.11.7. Available on five days' approval against full cash deposit. Catalogue free.

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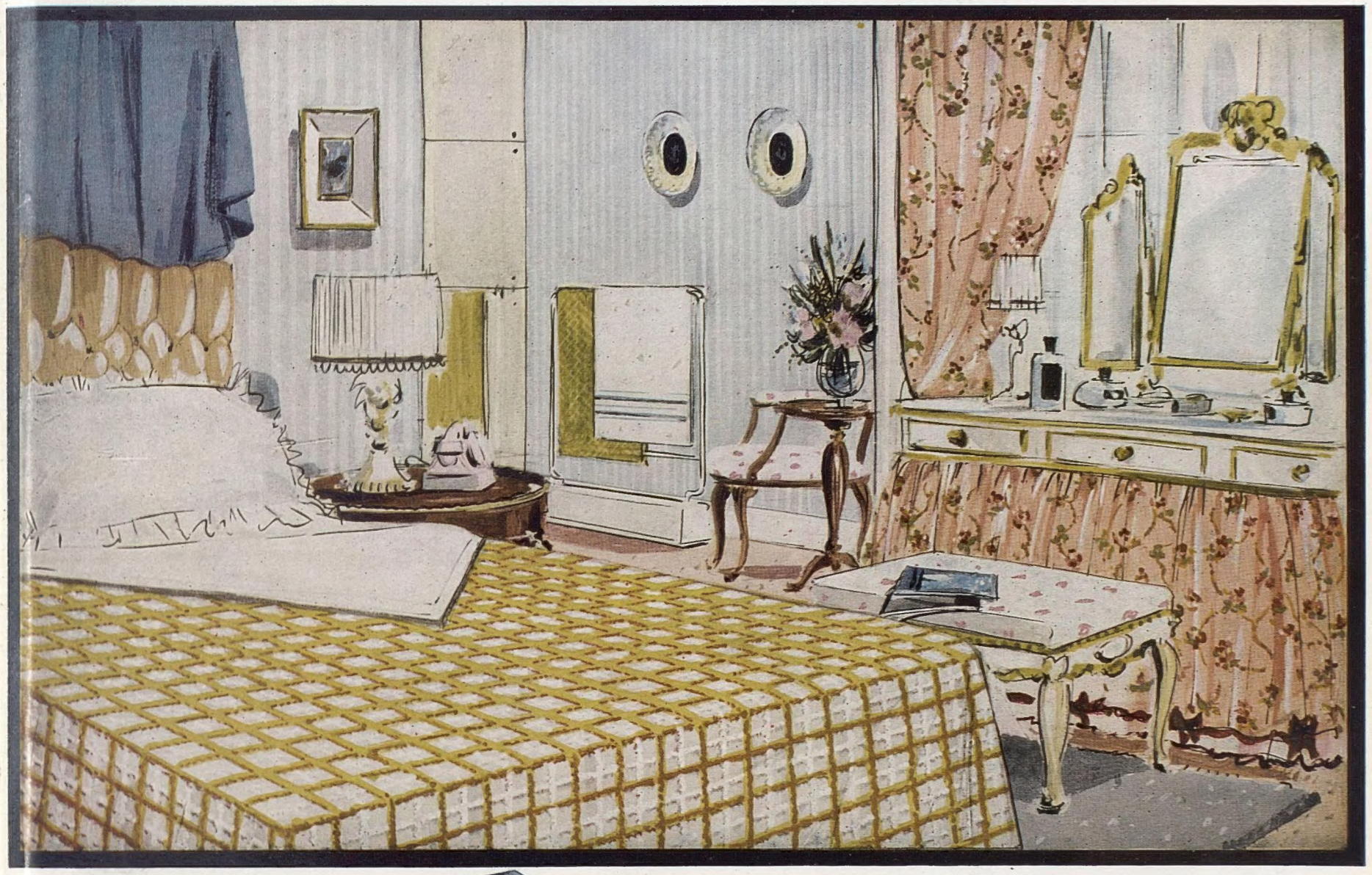

Yes, they are all made by Horrockses—leaders in this field since 1791 . . . The lovely fine textured sheets so smooth and cool in white, and also pastel shades . . . The long wearing towels that ensure years of service are also available in a variety of designs and colours . . . and the furnishing fabrics, up to the minute in design and in a wide range of colours. Once you've tried them you'll know why you cannot beat Horrockses for both quality *and* value.

LADY ROSE McLAREN GIVES A TEA PARTY

THIS charming informal group was taken at a Fancy Dress party given by Lady Rose McLaren for her daughters, Victoria (the fairy), who is eleven, and Harriet (the Red Cross nurse), aged seven, at their lovely Queen Anne house in Chelsea.

Lady Rose McLaren, who is the sister of George Charles Henry Victor Paget, 7th Marquis of Anglesey, and the widow of the Hon. John Francis McLaren, son of Baron Aberconway, pauses for well-earned refreshment before signalling 'on with the fun.' Grateful daughter Harriet pours her mother's favourite brew,* while Victoria waves her magic wand over the teapot.

* *The "favourite brew" of course is Brooke Bond "Choicest." Because it's always fresh. Because it's readily available from the grocer. And because they really like it best.*

And as a Christmas present which is fun and different but in *faultlessly* good taste, what about a chest of Brooke Bond 'Choicest'? No, don't panic, we're not suggesting you buy a whole crate. This little Christmas 'tea-chest' contains four ¼ lb. packets of tea. No charge is made for the special packing. Order *now* from your grocer.

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